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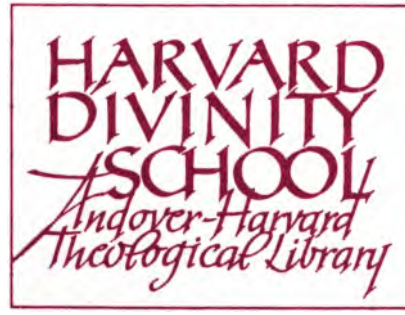
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Church Melodies.

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CHURCH MELODIES.

"Speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing and making Melody in your hearts to the Lord."

Ephesians, v. 19.

BY

VISCOUNT MASSEREENE AND FERRARD.

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INTRODUCTION.

Man must walk here in Life as in Death, each in his *separate Melody of Soul;* for "the heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy;" and to whom is this inner life open, save to Him only who "searcheth the heart and trieth the reins?" But tho' such is the Christian's teaching here, in order that he may "cease from man" and go thro' Life's wilderness "leaning on the Beloved," yet,* lest he should feel the journey too great for him being tempted of his flesh to cry "I, even I *only* am left," the answer of the Lord maketh his solitary heart glad. Yes, He hath the PLENTIFUL,† the RICH number left to Him, who have "not bowed the knee unto Baal;" and THE CHURCH of Christ scattered, "one in a city, two in a family" may yet individually

* 1 Kings, xix. † שִׁבְעָ seven in Hebrew—plentiful, rich.

realize her unity in multitude, when, "neither said any that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common."

The Disciples, journeying to Emmaus, talked of all those things which had happened; so, in pursuing that strain [whose first note* was struck by the multitude of the Heavenly Host," even the "glad tidings of great joy"] may *we* not hope that in our communings together Jesus Himself will draw near and go with us ?†

With such a desire are these CHURCH MELODIES put forth, although not perfected according to the author's original design. Commenced upwards of five years ago, they were the result of a wish to his own edification; that the progressive return of seasons, observed by that outward Church of which he is a member, should not become a dead letter, but that the regarding of the day should be "unto the Lord." For, though he is not one who rests in times and seasons, nor who would make of *opinions*, PRINCIPLES,

* Luke ii. 10, 13, 14. † Luke xxiv. 14, 15.

or of *discipline*, INTEGRAL MEMBERS, yet where *they are* he would lead his own and others' hearts to look *through* these accessories unto Jesus. "Let us, therefore, follow after the things which make for Peace, and things wherewith one may edify another."

A combination of circumstances has caused wide intervals to occur between the noting down of these thoughts and reflections; yet it has seemed well to the author to put forth this publication, unfinished though it be, which may be perfected at a future day if any be found to derive profit or pleasure from its strain. At the present season of national chastening from the Lord, when our hearts may be stirred like the Israelites of old,* to pray, in this our precursory affliction, for the New Jerusalem of the Second Advent, it does not seem inappropriate to commence the MELODIES with a consideration of this day of adversity.†

The Alphabetical Hymns at the close may seem fanciful; especially, perhaps, to those unacquainted

* Psalm cxxxvii. 5, 6, compare Matt. xxiv. 7—32, and Rev. xvi. 2
† Eccles. vii. 14.

with the deep meaning contained in the Holy and Ancient Language of Symbols, whose every letter has a signification and a power unknown in our less living modern tongues. Suffice it, however, if the burthen of their melody be the heart's utterance, and that the name of the Lord alone be praised; for "there is *one* Lord *over all*, rich *to all* that call upon Him." "Laud ye the name of the Lord."

May this be the pervading tone of each and all, as it is the author's single desire and highest ambition to provoke unto Love, and to "**Singing and making Melody in your heart to the Lord.**"

Antrim Castle, March, 1847.

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In the Time of Dearth.

"There was a Famine in the days of David three years, year after year, and David enquired of the Lord."—2 Samuel, xxi. 1.

PART I.

1.

Praise the Lord for He is gracious, praise the Lord for He is just,
Prostrate at His feet confessing, we are weak and worthless dust.

2.

But the tender love of Jesus, Oh the wondrous ways of God;
Oh the joy that faith discloses when we kiss the chastening rod!

3.

We have sinnèd 'gainst a Saviour, we have sinnèd e'en to death:
God is pleading, gently pleading, with the creatures of His breath.

4.

Lord to Thee be all the glory, Lord to Thee be all the praise;
When Thy tender hand doth chasten, it to us Thy love displays.

5.

And the field around is wasted, and the land around us mourns;
Man alone the judgment slighteth, man alone the warning scorns.

6.

Who hath done it? Are ye standing in the ways, the paths of yore?
Seek ye there to walk, and humbly, for divine support implore.

7.

Who hath done it, are ye asking? Fly unto your Maker's laws,
With the word of God before you, seek not for some hidden cause.

8.

Who hath done it? Look around you, "Meat cut off before your eyes:"
"'Neath their clods the seed is rotten: desolate each garner lies."

9.

Who have done it? "In your cities "Cleanness" ye "of teeth" discern:
"Want of bread in all your cities;" Oh to God! to God return!

PART II.

1.

Who hath done it? Who but Jesus, He to whom all power belongs;
He who all the wealthy humbles, He who weighs the poor man's wrongs.

2.

He whose balance just and true is, He who searcheth all our hearts,
He who ruleth but by love, who knowledge to His own imparts,—

3.

He who sees His cold professors full of idols, fraud, and force;
Evil reigning through creation, earth's foundations out of course,—

4.

He who tenderly afflicteth those who as His foes behave;
He who plucks us from the burning, for a remnant He will save.

5.

"Seek ye me and ye shall live." Yea, Lord, my heart Thy face will seek,
Of Thy power I will make mention, of Thy kingdom's glory speak.

6.

Nigh to those who call upon Thee, their desires Thou mak'st to bloom;
With our eyes upon Thee waiting meat shall in due season come.

7.

Come then, sinner, come to Jesus, He alone can give relief;
Bend in deep humiliation, bend in prayer and holy grief.

8.

'Tis for you the land withholdeth plentiful and wonted store;
Barren e'en for your transgression, for its cry hath waxèd sore.

9.

Come then, sinner, come to Jesus, all your filthy raiment spurn;
Take the righteousness He offers; Oh to God, to God return!

PART III.

1.

Sanctify a fast ye people, in a solemn crowd appear;
Gather in God's house with mourning, and His blest commandment hear:

2.

But without a wedding garment freely granted by His love,
Come not to His presence; seek no half salvation from above.

3.

Christ is all; add nothing to His perfect finished sacrifice;
Be your faith alone in Jesus, lest your feast day He despise.

4.

Lest the day which He hath threatened come upon you from the Lord;
Judgment worse than any famine, worse than pestilence or sword.

5.

Day of thirst, but not for water; day of dearth, but not of bread;
Day of famine, which shall gather many nations to the dead.

6.

Famine of the word of God, a famine of your Saviour's will;
Then from sea to sea ye'll seek Him, but your ear no comfort fill.

7.

Then with signs and lying wonders Satan shall bewitch your eye;
And the Lord send strong delusion*, that ye may believe a lie.

8.

As ye chose your own inventions, God will your delusions choose;
But the Lord is now beseeching, who His bidding can refuse?

9.

Christ is all: Oh flee ye to Him; on His bosom rest and learn;
Crave the Holy Spirit's teaching; oh to God! to God return!

---

* 2 Thessalonians, xi. 9, 10, 11.

Advent Sunday.

"Hear O Heaven, and give ear O earth."—Isaiah i. 2.

1.

With contrite heart and fervent trust,
Let sinners call upon the Lord,
In Heaven for them poor wretched dust,
There's joy and boundless mercy stored.

2.

Yet here defiled with worldly taint,
They 're but one putrifying sore;
The head is sick, the heart is faint,
Rebelling ever more and more.

3.

Lord save us e'en while now we sing,
From incense weary to Thine eyes;
Grant we no vain oblation bring,
But heartfelt prayer as sacrifice.

4.

Lord hide not from our humble prayers,
But save us from the evil round,
That we may mid surrounding tares,
As wheat be at Thy harvest found.

5.

Here mid Thy remnant still may we,
With love Thy sacred law fulfill,
Shake off this deathful sleep, and be
Awake to all Thy holy will.

6.

"The night's far spent the day's at hand,"
Then let us cast dark works away,
And from this moment ever stand
In God our Saviour's bright array.

7.

Our sins tho' scarlet, still we trust
His blood hath washed them white as snow;
Our garments fling we in the dust,
That Righteousness may o'er them go.

8.

The Lord our Righteousness, the Lord,
Our vine who strengthens every leaf,
Who hath with springs His garden stored,
And quenched the flames of sin and grief.

Second Sunday in Advent.

PART I.

1.

In Heaven there's praise before the Lord,
Who bids His sons rejoice;
And be His name on earth adored
With spirit, heart, and voice.

2.

Rejoice, ye Gentiles! glorious sound—
Gods bids the outcast come;
Salvation He for man hath found,
Christ leads the ransomed home.

3.

Oh, teach us, Lord, with spirit meek,
Thy blessed word to read;
Thy truth is sown—then let us seek
To nourish up the seed.

4.

Oh, give us patience, comfort, grace,
Its spirit to digest;
That we may still the hope embrace,
Of everlasting rest;

5.

That we may still hold fast upon
The promises it gives;
Still joy that He, the Holy One,
Our Intercessor lives;

6.

Still tremble at the sinful part
We chose in days before:
Good Lord, on each poor broken heart,
Thy Spirit largely pour.

7.

Then, may we with one heart and voice,
Like minded as our Lord,
To Him who bids us here rejoice,
All power, all praise accord.

8.

In hope abounding we will sing,
Nor Hallelujahs cease:
The Root of Jesse is the King,
The Gentiles' joy and peace.

9.

We shall His glorious advent bless,
When hearts with terror fail,
Look up amid the world's distress,
And *our* redemption hail.*

* Luke xxi. 25, 26, 28.

PART II.

1.

What hath our Maker left undone?
What more could He accord,
To those who all His precepts shun,
And spurn His gracious word?

2.

In us but base ingratitude
His righteous eyes behold,
In our own sight we're wise and good,
To Him in worship cold.

3.

How oft the counsels of our God,
His dispensations true,
We seek to fathom—nor the road
Of truth in Faith pursue!

4.

How can we 'scape the deep distress,
God's judgment on th' unjust,
"Whose root shall be as rottenness,
Whose blossom as the dust."

5.

And yet Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
Instructs us in the way;
Earth, Heaven, dissolveth; but Thy word
Shall never pass away.

6.

Lord Jesus, teach us so to burn
With thirst that word to prove,
That wondrous things our souls may learn,
Rejoicing in Thy love.

7.

That grace may 'gainst temptation raise
Its fence, and stones remove;
Our branch be rich in fruitful praise;
Our tower, the God of love.*

* Isaiah v. 2.

8.

To us poor fainting pilgrims, give
Life's water evermore;
Of mercy let us drink, and live,
For boundless is the store.

9.

All truth to our weak minds unfold,
Lord, open Thou our sight,
Thro' fervent faith let us behold,
Thine everlasting light.

Third Sunday in Advent.

1.

Let us wait on God our Saviour,
High exalt His sacred name,
'Tis by His Almighty favor,
We desire the Holy Flame;
Tis thro' Him, who without measure,
Grace on all that ask bestows,
That we gain the promised treasure,
That we triumph o'er our foes.

2.

Jesus, at Thy next appearing
When all things shall come to light,
May we meet Thee without fearing,
Washed and blameless in Thy sight.
Then the tears from off all faces,
Then Thy saints' rebuke shall flee;
Joy shall reign on earth's new places,
Hosts shout—Jesus, this is He!

3.

Tho' oppression now be raging,
Tho' hot whirlwinds round us meet,
God is here, the blast assuaging,
Still our Shadow from the heat,
Still the Strength of all the needy,
Still our Refuge in distress,
Ever willing, ever ready,
To conceal our nakedness.

4.

Boundless are the stores of raiment,
White the garments of the Lamb;
Fount of mercy! void of payment,
He Himself o'erspreads our shame.
He, of Righteousness dispenses
Robes to all the meek and poor;
He Himself, for all offences
Gives a universal cure.

5.

Publish this to every nation;
Trust in Jesus Christ alone,
Everlasting hope, salvation,
Joy and gladness He hath won:
Won, for all whom wrath awaited,
Won, for all whose hearts are still
Cold and weak, yet oft inflated
With some conquest over ill.

6.

Publish this to every sinner;
'Tis Almighty Grace within,
Jesu's love that makes him winner
O'er,-to Him,-the slightest sin.
Praise Him in the congregation,
Think on Him who came to die,
Who, the Captain of Salvation,
Swallowed death in victory.

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

1.

THE LORD'S AT HAND! THE LORD'S AT HAND!
What doth His church below?
As beacon doth that little band
With her Lord's radiance glow!
His Spirit's Witness on the earth,
To men who scorn a second birth.

2.

THE LORD'S AT HAND! THE LORD'S AT HAND!
What doth the Christian here?
Doth he a wanderer in the land,
A pilgrim poor appear?
And fearless 'mid surrounding night,
Like John, bear witness of the light?

3.

THE LORD'S AT HAND! THE LORD'S AT HAND!
And do His faithful see,
That God and mammon cannot stand,
Nor Christ and earth agree?
The world destroyed the Lord of Life,
The Church hath nought with it but strife.

4.

THE LORD'S AT HAND! THE LORD'S AT HAND!
Ye careful ones give ear,
Who sow for profit, and demand
An increase every year:
Is this a time to lay up store
For earth? Time soon shall be no more.

5.

THE LORD'S AT HAND! THE LORD'S AT HAND!
Ye careless daughters rise;
What do ye in those halls so grand
Where gems delight the eyes?
All Heaven but One bright jewel boasts;
Look up—'tis yours—the Lord of Hosts!

6.

THE LORD'S AT HAND! THE LORD'S AT HAND!
His is a searching eye;
Professor, learn that His command
Is perfect liberty.
In vain to outward form ye cleave,
He only asks—"Dost thou believe?"

7.

THE LORD'S AT HAND! THE LORD'S AT HAND!
With judgment shall He come:
False servants who His love withstand,
Shall have a fearful doom.
Smooth things in vain they prophecy,
They shall—they do believe a lie!

8.

THE LORD'S AT HAND! THE LORD'S AT HAND!
The beast to hell is hurled;
But those Christ finds without his brand,
Unspotted from the world,
Rejected and despised of men,
Shall with Him o'er the nations reign.

First Sunday after Christmas.

1.

The Lord of Life whose ready ear,
Is bent to sinful man,
Was pleased a dying king to hear,
And at his weak but earnest prayer
To add to life's short span.

2.

The Lord of Life doth still bestow
Sufficient time on all,
His word to hear, His will to know,
And of the humblest soul below,
Still lists to every call.

3.

He answers all who truly seek,
He opes to all who knock,
He feeds the lowly, poor, and meek,
And to the way-worn, halt, and weak,
Becomes a Living Rock.

4.

And do we want a sign like him
Who God for life implored?
Oh is our sight, our faith so dim,
That we can't see how to the brim,
Life's cup for us is stored?

5.

The sun went back ten steps to shine,
And mark the king's reprieve,
And lo! bestowed by grace Divine
On us, a far more wondrous sign,
A virgin did conceive.

6.

A virgin did bring forth a son,
Immanuel His name;
God's Spirit in our flesh hath shone,
With Him Himself hath made us one
Thro' Love's eternal flame.

7.

Oh! Lord most mighty to redeem,
Most wonderful to save,
Pour forth the Comforter on them
Whom in Thy vast unchanging scheme
Thou'st promised ne'er to leave.

8.

On us Thy sons by special grace,
A larger measure pour,
That when we see Thee face to face,
Our souls may gain a higher place,
To love Thee and adore.

Second Sunday after Christmas.

1.

When sunk in bondage, blind
To all the church's hope,
The Lord to our uncertain mind
No real prop;
Still willing to believe,
Yet doubtful, from on high
God's spirit made us light receive,
And Abba cry.

2.

Yea, Father, 'twas Thy will
That taught us first to see
Our risen Priest, who lives to fill
Our thoughts with Thee.
And He, being offered once,
Our souls to Thine are nigh;
No more as servants, but as sons,
We Abba cry.

3.

We, Father, cry to Thee,
Our spirit to renew,
Thro' Christ we cry for strength to flee
What men pursue:
For grace to walk below
As strangers on the earth,
For love to conquer shame, and show
Our second birth.

4.

And Father, when we cry,
We know that Thou wilt hear,
Temptation's hosts that round us lie
We need not fear.
We on Thy bosom lean,
Fatigued with this world's strife;
And Thou dost give us peace, yea e'en
Eternal life.

5.

Thou Lord art on our side,
Thy pleasure what can bar?
We all our bondage, all our pride,
Can fling afar.
Thou wilt uphold and bless
The creatures of Thy love;
The right hand of Thy righteousness
Its strength will prove.

6.

Thou Lord art on our side,
And we from Egypt free,
Here in the wilderness may guide
Our course by Thee.
On to the promised land
The word shall be our food,
And in that manna's strength we'll stand
Before our God.

First Sunday after the Epiphany.

1.

Oh God! our God, the First, the Last,
Thou who from everlasting wast,
And wilt be evermore,
On us, that we may know Thy will,
Have power its precepts to fulfil,
Thy Holy Spirit largely pour.

2.

Thou 'st promised on the thirsty soul
The waters of Thy grace to roll,
Thou 'st promised to dispel
Our thick transgressions as a cloud,
And to redeem us from the shroud
Of sin and death and hell.

3.

Then hasten Lord, Thy strength impart,
We thirst, Oh! nourish in our heart
The word Thyself hath sown:

More light upon Thy Church bestow,
And our weak souls with faith o'erflow,
For Thou art God alone.

4.

Thou art our Tree of Life, O Lord!
Still shed the manna of Thy word
On all Thy humble saints:
Still answer us who knowledge seek,
Thou Buckler ever to the weak,
Thou Stay to him that faints.

5.

"Return unto Me," saith Thy Word:
Here take our bodies gracious Lord,
A living sacrifice.
Receive us as dear children, sound
Our thoughts, Thou God, who wilt confound
The knowledge of the wise.

6.

Turn every idol from our heart,
Let every worldly care depart,
Which makes our worship cold.
Our souls transform, our minds renew,
Them with Thy perfect will imbue,
And all our actions mould.

Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

1.

Let sinners think on what they are,
The rock, the pit, from whence they spring,
Yea look at all they 're called to share
With Christ, their God's anointed King.
Rejoice each trembling child of earth,
Rejoice, Salvation has gone forth.

2.

Salvation, what a glorious sound,
Salvation, let the name be heard,
Salvation, let the world rebound
With joy and gladness to that Lord,
Who proffers righteousness and peace;
Oh never let thanksgiving cease.

3.

What if afflictions smite the heart,—
And sorrow there *will* find abode,—
If faint we cry from passing smart,
'Tis all the mercy of our God.
For great unmerited relief,
He holdeth forth for all our grief.

4.

He chastens us that we may learn
To 'scape the great and coming wrath;
Afflicts us that our hearts may burn
With rapture when we find His path;
Thro' sorrow teacheth He that way,
Thro' sorrow giveth grace to pray.

5.

Lord Christ, from Whom each perfect gift
  Proceedeth, grant us strength to see,
And glory in Thy light; Oh lift
  Our cold and wandering hearts to Thee!
    Lord purge them from each wish to rove,
    And raise in them the fruits of love.

6.

As shone at marriage Feast Thy power,
  When water sparkled into wine,
So Lord on our weak spirits shower
  Thy strength, and render them divine!
    Here may they change, then wedded be
    To Thine throughout eternity.

Third Sunday after the Epiphany.

1.

Hark! Sinner to the glorious sound
Which flings beyond earth's utmost bound,
Sin's lowering cloud and hell's deep gloom,
"Ho every one that thirsteth, come!"

2.

Hark! 'tis the Maker's awful voice
That bids His creatures' souls rejoice,
Still for the sinner Heaven hath room,
"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come!"

3.

Come to the waters, buy and eat,
Yea, come buy wine, and milk, and meat,
Without or money, price, or sum,
"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come!"

4.

Such wondrous Mercy, boundless Love,
On rebel worms our God will prove,
Still, still He calls, tho' man be dumb,
"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come!"

5.

The great Redeemer's blood is shed,
The sacrifice for sin is sped,
Burst all the terrors of the tomb,
"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come!"

6.

But how shall "bones, the dry, the dead,"
Step in the fount for sinners spread?
Lord at Thy word we life resume,
"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come!"

7.

Like panting hart our souls dry up
With thirst to take salvation's cup;
By Thy word watered, they shall bloom,
"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come!"

8.

No withering souls are seen oh Lord,
Where rolls the river of Thy word;
Thou'st promised soon to lead us home,
"Amen, e'en so Lord Jesus, come!"

Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.

1.

To Christ, who knows
The numerous foes,
That urge our souls defection;
To Christ the Lord,
Whose Holy Word
Is strength and sure protection;
To Christ, whose look
Could seas rebuke
And still the tempests' power;
To Christ, who rest,
On all possessed
With Satan, lives to shower;

2.

To Christ, who gave
His life to save,
Each erring creature's spirit;
To Christ the Rock,
On which His flock
Of sheep build all their merit;
His straying sheep,
Who there can reap,
Full, infinite salvation,
To Him we'll cry,
To Him we'll fly,
To bear us through temptation.

3.

All those whose heart
A contrite part
Is from this world inclining,
Christ came to heal,
And to reveal
His comforts, past defining.

To grant to all,
Who mourn their fall,
Peace, passing understanding;
To give them grace
To gain that place
They lost by first offending.

4.

To Him our song
We'll now prolong
Tho' feeble be our praises;
Christ, Christ alone
The Holy One,
Our souls from Satan raises.
Christ, Christ alone
The Lofty One,
Eternity indwelling,
Repents the ill
His bosom still,
For humbled sinners swelling.

5.

Then oh 'gainst Whom
With pride do some
Drive on in mad transgression,
Draw out the tongue
And sport with wrong,
And glory in oppression?
'Gainst Him who'th sworn
They shall be borne
From peace for ever after;
No succour nigh
When they shall cry,
But hell, and mocks, and laughter.

6.

Lord bear us free
From vanity,
Make Godly grief our pleasure;
Lord grant Thine aid
That we may've laid,
Ere death, in heaven our treasure.

While here may we
Remembering Thee,
Through sin's devices sever
Our way, by sword
Of faith; oh Lord
Hide not from us for ever.

Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.

1.

From God our sins had placed us far,
His face was hid, and as the blind
We groped for help,—but vain,—nor star,
Nor beam of hope could sinners find.

2.

The seed was by Almighty love,
Both sown and watered, but the ears
Sprung thin and fruitless, while they strove
[How faintly!] with surrounding tares.

3.

God saw and wondered there was none,
No power, no arm, stretched forth to save,
And sent His own belovèd Son,
And judgment to His Chosen gave.

4.

Yet Christ's long suffering still delays,
Unwilling any should be lost,
His Spirit's sanctifying rays
Are beaming still from coast to coast.

5.

Come, come ye hungry and be filled,
Arise! ye sleepers from the dust,
Resist not Him your fathers killed,
The merciful is also just.

6.

His day is nigh, His wrath will come,
He will not always strive with man,
Then where shall be the sinner's home?
E'en at the goal to which he ran.

7.

Our goal is Christ; then are we blind
To all around, intent to win,
And strong in heart do we still find
The Holy Ghost in power within?

8.

Lord help us, make us ever own
Our hearts to be Thy loved abode;
Lord help us, for Thy power alone
Unites the sinner to his God.

Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

1.

Sons of God and heirs,
Heirs of joy unspoken,
Heirs of life by Him who bears
Of wrath the token;
Called by Him we spurned,
Found by Him that sought us,
Whose love from everlasting burned,
The Lord who bought us.

2.

Sons of God and heirs!
Well may sinners wonder,
Sons of God, what joys are theirs
If they but ponder;
From Love which they despise,
And still provoke, yea from His
Love, they gain the Sacrifice,
The glorious promise.

3.

Sons of God and heirs,
With joy of spirit singing,
On Jesus lay we all our cares
For He is bringing
New Heavens and new earth,
Where sin no more enchaining,
Pale grief shall flee and heavenly mirth
Be all remaining.

4.

Sons of God and heirs;
Now may we our praises
Offer to the Lord who swears
On high to raise us.
The Lord who from the world
Will banish each oppressor,
The Lord who from all power hath hurled
The arch transgressor.

5.

Sons of God and heirs;
Glorious sound to sinners!
With hope may we direct our prayers
Though faint beginners;
Yea for strength and grace
The lowly long have crowded,
To God the Father, for His face
No more is shrouded.

6.

Sons of God and heirs:
To purify our spirits
Let us too pray devoid of fears,
Devoid of merits,
To the Christ whose flame
Of love for us is burning,
And none who call upon His name
Shall find Him spurning.

7.

Sons of God and heirs;
May faith and grace maintain us,
From falling back on Satan's snares
Good Lord sustain us.
When the tribes of earth,
Shall mourn, and heaven shall darken,
To us who now declare Thy worth,
To us then hearken.

8.

Sons of God and heirs,
Lead us Lord from error,
Oh Father when Thy Christ appears
In power and terror,
When glorious He shall come
With all the Hosts of Heaven,
Then let our promised longed for home
To us be given.

Septuagesima Sunday.

1.

Holy Father, Great Creator,
God of all, beneath, above,
Thou First Cause, than nature greater,
Thou by whom we live and move!
Holy! Holy!
Lord of light, of life, and love!

2.

We, Thy creatures, dare to bend us,
We, by sin and death pursued,
Crave Thy mercy to defend us,
Crave Thy grace for heavenly food:
Sinners, solely
Trusting in our Saviour's blood.

3.

Where's the garden? where is Eden?
Where the Tree of Life within?
There upon its branches feeding,
His victims did the demon win.
Under curses
Groans creation for our sin.

4.

Roar the floods, and howl the breezes,
Angry clouds have Heaven obscured,
But behold the love of Jesus,
Lo from us the flaming sword
Grace reverses,
E'en the grace of Christ our Lord.

5.

God of eyes too pure to gaze on
Sin, yet sent His only Son;
God, whose Angels with amaze on
Such a sacrifice, look down.
God descended,
Yea thro' flesh His Spirit shone.

6.

God Himself in guise most lowly
Walked below with sons of clay;
God the mighty, God the holy,
Walked, and died for all astray:
Yea defended
Erring man from Satan's sway.

7.

Him, the victor, great and glorious,
Him, who will not long delay,
Him, o'er sin and death victorious,
Let us praise, and let us pray,
Humbled sinners,
That we ne'er be cast away.

8.

Justly punished for transgression,
Justly for our sins we groan,
Jesus hear our late confession,
Grant us strength Thy course to run;
Make us winners,
Father, with Thy Saviour Son.

Sexagesima Sunday.

1.

Sunk in sin and fruitless strife,
With the flesh can we have life?
Doing what we would not do,
Can the Lord delight our view?
What if Jesus now should cry,
Where art thou? should we reply?
Sinner would thy Saviour's Voice
Make thee tremble or rejoice?

2.

What, like Adam 'mong the trees,
Fleeing Him he did displease,
Would'st thou shun the only Friend
Who can to thy wants attend?
Should'st thou not with joy untold
Meet the Shepherd of thy fold,
And to pastures round about
Follow Him rejoicing out?

3.

Now, O sinner, even now,
God is calling, "Where art thou?"
Tho' the cry unheeded flies,
Soon shall it in thunder rise;
Soon the Lord will judge the crowd
Of the careless and the proud;
Nor with man for ever strive,
But His own He'll save alive.

4.

Christ the Shepherd whispers now
In small accents, "Where art thou?"
Now He bids thee from the fold
Follow, and His grace behold.
And art thou of those He leads
In and out the flowery meads,
Of the sheep who there rejoice,
Of the few who know His voice?

5.

He hath other folds than this,
Sheep from them are also His;
And His flock now gathering, own
That in Jesus all are one.
All are one shut up in Christ,
He's the Prophet, King, and Priest,
We may pasture, we may joy,
Tho' the wolf the folds destroy.

6.

Tho' the flesh o'ercome us still
Warring with the Spirit's will,
Would we 'scape, yea conquer hell?
Christ's the ark where all may dwell;
And in Him of every kind,
From each corner of the wind,
Gathered multitudes shall raise
Voices of eternal praise.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

1.

And can we of the Fountain
Of hope in vain partake?
By faith remove a mountain,
And Satan's path forsake,
Yet lack deprived of special grace,
True charity, the bond of peace?

2.

Yes, we may passion bridle,
Some hope of bliss enjoy,
Make knowledge a vain idol,*
And thought on faith employ,
Yet want that pure and perfect love
Which cometh only from above.

1 Corinthians, xiii.

3.

Who find it? The rejected,
The blind outside the camp,
The most despised, elected,
Will rise and trim their lamp,
While many who the Lord profess
Burn out the oil of righteousness.

4.

If we would aught of Jesus
He must absorb our heart,
The virtues which here please us
Must all be set apart:
Our holiest things are all amiss,
The work, the glory, only His.

5.

He, only He, can teach us
The perfect walk of love,
He, only He, can reach us
Assistance when we rove,
From Him alone must every deed,
Our every word and thought proceed.

6.

On us Thou Son of David,
Still let Thy Spirit glow;
Lord Jesus, Thou who savèd
Thy saints from endless woe,
Still give us grace to cry for light,
Still answer Lord, "Receive thy sight!"

7.

To us who now walk lonely,
And darkly, thro' a glass,
Behold Thy wisdom only
In part, who face to face
Shall view the fulness of Thy word,
With faith true charity accord.

8.

The majesty, the justice,
The glory and the might,
The mercy which to dust is
Held forth, the love, the light,
Of our Creator, Jesus show
And as we're known, let us Thee know.

First Sunday in Lent.

1.

Behold our Lord did fast,
Was tempted like as we,
Thro' the soul's direst conflict past,
And won the victory.
Why still delay,
Ye sons of clay?
"Now, now is the accepted day!"

2.

This is salvation's hour,
Oh sinner ponder well,
This the sole time Almighty power
Will save thy soul from hell:
"I am the way,"
The Christ doth say,
"Now, now is the accepted day!"

3.

This is the day of grace,
Let us Christ's Spirit prove,
Subdue our flesh and turn our face
'Gainst all we too much love:
For never may
The morrow's ray,
Afford us an "accepted day."

4.

As Abr'ham's only son,
Was offered at Thy will,
So perish joys, the dearest one,
Thy wishes to fulfil:
Lord let us slay
Earth's hopes, and lay
Our all on thine "accepted day."

5.

Lord Jesus make us whole,
Thou man's dark heart cans't turn,
Thou only Lord can'st sin control,
Then give us thirst to burn,
Thy word to 'obey,
Teach us to pray,
And praise Thee for thè "accepted day."

6.

Lord Jesus make us whole,
That we may sin detest,
Like Lot who vexed his righteous soul,
Nor found in Sodom rest.
On Thee Oh may
We fix our stay,
And find, like him, thè "accepted day."

7.

Be merciful, Oh God,
To us, as unto him,
Disperse sin's snares from our abode,
Make Satan's eyesight dim.*
From all delay
Lead us away,
Let this be the "accepted day."

8.

Oh! smooth our onward path
To righteousness and peace,
From past transgressions turn Thy wrath,
From Zoar's sin Thy face:
Nor let us stray
The mountain way,
But humbly hope, and hail Thy day.

* Genesis xix. 11.

Second Sunday in Lent.

1.

Lord Jesus, Captain of Salvation,
Our righteousness, our God,
In pity gaze
On us, and raise
Our thoughts to Thine abode;
Strengthen us in all temptation,
Guide us from all ill;
Tho' poor and weak,
Lord let us seek,
And find Thy holy will.

2.

From evil wishes by Thy spirit
Instruct us how to fast;
On Thee in deed
And thought to feed,
And keep our bodies chaste;

For they, thro' Thy saving merit,
Temples are of Thine;
By action vile
Shall man defile
One structure so divine?

3.

The birthright we are now possessing
Like Esau shall we slight,
For fleeting joy
Our hope destroy
Of God's eternal light?
Shall we lose our Father's blessing?
Christ with Thee we'll strive
In prayer, nor leave
Till we receive
Assurance that we live.

4.

For us Lord Jesus from Thy table
May crumbs of comfort fall;
The fainting soul
By Thee made whole
What journey shall appal?
We in peace to walk are able,
Tho' sin's billows roar;
With strength to face
All foes in grace,
Abounding more and more.

5.

Lord raise our faith, who faith from Canaan
With mercy didst regard;
None are too vile
To find Thy smile,
Or claim Thy free reward.

Here the proffered grace doth rain, an
Everlasting flood;
Then, Lord, incline
Our hearts like Thine
To strive for others good.

6.

That we may show our holy calling
Still render us Thine aid,
Nor hide Thy face
Thou God of Grace
From aught that Thou hast made
But on those in darkness falling
Pour the gospel light,
Soon let its sound
To earths' far bound,
Dispel the heathens' night.

Third Sunday in Lent.

1.

Lord, look upon Thy humble servants
Oh pity our incompetence,
Who fain would walk in love's observance,
Oh stretch Thy hand for our defence.

2.

Thou God of Love, as children lead us,
Safe through surrounding enemies,
And still with milk of mercy feed us
Thou all atoning Sacrifice.

3.

The lying world's alluring pleasures
Would hide the holy path we seek,
But ope to us Thy endless treasures,
Remember Lord the flesh is weak.

4.

Oh let us wearied sinners waken,
Behold and bless the proffered day,
Our footsteps ne'er can be forsaken
For Thou'rt the Light, the Life, the Way.

5.

From persecutions then defended
May we with joy obey the word,
Like Joseph, who when death impended,
Continued stedfast in the Lord.

6.

Like Joseph may we meet temptation
With God for ever in our mind,
From pleasure fly to Christ's salvation,
And leave all earthly care behind.

7.

Aught that would bend us to transgression
Fling from us as a garment, fly
In nakedness to our confession,
And trust for clothing from on High.

8.

On Jesus trust, whose Spirit gloweth
Towards us with love's eternal flame,
Who on the naked soul bestoweth
The wedding garment of the Lamb.

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

1.

Children of the new creation
To its ruler Christ attend,
Seek for health and preservation
From your only real Friend.
All your sins to Jesus own,
Tell your wants to Christ alone.

2.

Christ as Joseph was rejected,
Christ was by His brethren sold,
But the King hath Him elected
Made Him Lord of power untold,
Prince of gifts which never fade
Ruler over all He made.

3.

Lo! at God's right hand He reigneth,
Famine through the land is sore,
But the stranger He maintaineth
Feedeth without price the poor;
Filleth those who bread require
Giving all their soul's desire.

4.

From this starving world He calleth
Those He saves by special grace,
Oft by ill which men befalleth
Bringing them to see His face;
When they think He must condemn
Making known Himself to them.

4.

Yea to those His word who slighted,
Those who gold and lies preferred,
Those whom malice long incited,
Those whom Hell to murder stirred,
E'en for those doth Jesus grieve,
Still He calleth, "Come and live."

5.

Come to Jesus, stay no longer,
Come to Jesus, sinner come,
For salvation dost thou hunger?—
Let thy mouth no more be dumb,
Call to Him whose listening ear
Stoops the faintest cry to hear.

6.

Oh the beauty found in Jesus!
Oh the joy our spirits prove!
He who called us will release us
From this world to that above,
Here our faltering steps He'll bear
There with us His triumph share.

7.

Christ's the Light before us burning
And from Egypt of our shame,
Led by Him we're now returning
Home to God whence first we came;
In the Canaan of His rest
Soon to reign for ever blest.

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

1.

Accept, O God, the praise
Of all who would embrace
The comfort of Thy grace,
Lead, lead them on.
Expanding still their mind,
Convince them they are blind,
That if they seek they'll find
Thy precious Son.

2.

The Holy Spirit's aid
Will chase the gloomy shade
That makes them still afraid,
To look on God:
On God the sinner's Friend,
Their Being and their End,
If solely they depend
On Jesu's blood.

3.

And oh how weak, how vain,
All else is, to attain
The pleasures that remain
For God's elect.
Accepted but for One,
His own Belovèd Son,
May we thro' Him alone
Our acts direct.

4.

Thro' Jesus the High Priest,
The Prophet and the Christ,
The Saviour who released
Our souls from sin:
The God Who for us kept
The law, Who prayed and wept,
Then entered, while we slept,
The Veil within.

5.

The Fountain of all power
He lives on us to shower,
Whom hell would fain devour,
Almighty Grace:
Then onward let us move,
Our Sion is above,
'Tis there for us His love
Prepares a place.

6.

On, onward let us press,
Our Lord by deeds confess,
And surely He will bless
With sight our faith:
Like Abràham we'll obey,
Remembering still that they
Who keep His perfect way,
Ne'er taste of death.

7.

And tho' their all at stake,
Could Israel undertake
Their tale of bricks to make,
Denied the straw?
As well may sinners try,
Without the Spirit nigh,
To trust on the Most High
And love His law.

8.

But we who see our God,
Acknowledge His abode,
And feel that from the load
Of sin we're free.
Salvation we receive,
Nor look we back to grieve,
But all our sorrows leave,
Lord Christ, on Thee.

Sunday before Easter.

PART I.

1.

Professor, look upon the world you love,
The world that you would fain with Jesus join,
With Jesus, who but calls to joys above,
Think you that God and mammon can combine?

2.

Blind to the evils that your soul surround,
On passing pleasures gazing with delight;
Is peace at all times in your bosom found,
The future clear and hopeful to your sight?

3.

Your vain pursuits, your shunning of the Lord,
Conforming to the false world's sentiments;
Your sowing to the flesh, of God abhorred,
And all your glory in the joys of sense.

4.

Your pious words in man's religious hour,
Your resting on God's means, not on His Grace,
Loving the form, while you deny the Power,
Leaving the Substance, while the shade you chase.

5.

Your zeal for God, but not of knowledge sprung,
Neglecting checks that conscience must afford,
All, all must show us how man clings to wrong
How this world's prince hath nothing in the Lord.

6.

Wars, famine, pestilence, abound below
Signs of Christ's coming we may sure discern;
Professor, when such plagues God stays, will you
Like Pharaoh hardened from each judgment turn?

7.

Will you still slight the chastening hand of love,
Till God no more His face of warning show,
Till Mercy end, and Justice from above,
Th' avenging Angel execute below?

8.

Transgressing against light, how can ye live?
Searching for paths to Heaven how can ye go?
Looking to aught but Christ, ye must receive
A resurrection to eternal woe.

PART II.

1.

Believer, deem not on this world of woe
In Satan's kingdom, where your footsteps move,
That nothing from your joy can cast you low,
And nought distract you from your strains of love.

2.

The good that man will do he cannot reach,
No conscience stand absolved one hour from ill,
Each minute must some humbling lesson teach
The flesh will lust against the spirit still.

3.

Our sad shortcomings and our want of faith
The world still creeping into all we do;
Our love for objects which are doomed to death,
And all the vain things which our minds pursue.

4.

Our prayerless walk amid religious boast,
Our many strayings from the narrow road,
Our careless grieving of the Holy Ghost,
Our sloth in girding up our loins for God.

5.

Our lack of love, our wanderings of heart,
Our deathful sleep although salvation nears;
All, all with horror must the consience smart
And daily bring us to our God in tears.

6.

But glory to Jehovah! there is One
Far greater than our hearts, who knoweth all,
Whose Voice still pleads for us before the Throne,
Whose Arm still bears us when we fear to fall.

7.

Who breaketh not a bruised reed, Who faith,
However feeble, doth with strength supply,
Who was for us obedient unto death,
Who reigns for us our Prototype on high.

8.

Partakers of His patience we may live,
Partakers of His meekness we may die,
Die martyrs to the world, and He will give
A resurrection like His own to joy.

Easter Sunday.

1.

Usher in the glorious morning
With a song of rapturous praise,
Hail with shouts of joy the dawning
Of this wondrous Day of days;

When the Lord of earth and Heaven,
Who for us resigned His Breath,
Sin and Satan's bondage riven,
Rose in triumph over Death.

2.

Shout with joy ye trembling sinners,
Cry aloud ye chosen few,
Look to Christ ye weak beginners,
Learn what Jesus did for you;
For ye may with rapture store you
Ye may all be filled with bliss,
Death behind and joy before you
All the wondrous work is His.

3.

Look at Jesus—lonely, weeping,
God-forsaken, spurned by man,
While His three elect were sleeping
Praying still "Thy will be done."

Look at Jesus, mocked and scourgèd
Nailed upon the felon's tree,
Pouring forth that blood which purgèd
Souls like yours from misery.

4.

"IT IS FINISHED." Now behold Him
Rising from the shades below,
Glory, Power, and Praise enfold Him,
Angel Hosts before Him bow.
Yet He waiteth, lo! He waiteth,
On the earth that spurned His sway,
Till each doubt He dissipateth,
And His chosen learn His way.

5.

"Christ is risen,—Christ is risen,—"
And the Comforter will come,
Now from out our fleshy prison
We may clearly see our home.

There we'll set our sole affection,
Seek the things which are above,
Take our Saviour's own direction
To the Realms of endless Love.

6.

There He sitteth, watching, praying,
While His saints by sin assailed,
In His robe themselves arraying
Take that Shield which never failed.
Risen with Christ, His virtue wearing,
Dead to sin and earthly cares,
Faith shall guard us, till appearing
Christ with us His glory shares.

First Sunday after Easter.

1.

Come let us sing, no care, no grief,
  Now blocks our homeward road;
All fear succumbs to firm belief,
  And we are born of God.
The free gift of eternal life
  Is sealed by Jesu's blood.

2.

Come let us sing, for God hath cried,
  "Peace, peace be unto you:"
Can we that peace from others hide,
  That peace which earth ne'er knew?
Come spread the tidings far and wide,
  Salvation free and true.

3.

When loth to sing, and weak to pray,
In maze of wonder lost,
Still blind and doubtful of the way,
By winds of doctrine tost,
To us did Christ Himself display,
And breathe the Holy Ghost.

4.

'Twas Christ who showed us how to hope,
On His free word to feast,
No more by forms our souls to prop
In works vain making haste,
No sacrifice to offer up
But thro' our great High Priest.

5.

Christ, Christ is all—enthroned above,
He hears our humble 'plaints;
And in the censer of His love,
The prayers of all His saints,
The Father's yearning heart to move
His righteous hand presents.

6.

Christ, Christ is all—Oh sinner turn,
And search His wondrous word;
Pray for the Spirit, and discern
The truth His saints have heard.
There know how easy 'tis to learn
The secret of the Lord.

Second Sunday after Easter.

1.

'Tis not sufficient we should know
That Jesus lives on high,
That love for sinners still doth glow,
Unless to sin we die.
What? Is it that our Lord shall pray
For us, and we not seek His way?
Unless that way we burn to prove,
Do we partake of Jesus' love?

2.

'Tis not sufficient we should know
That grace doth cover sin,
Unless that grace on us doth flow,
And we on Jesus lean.
"We shall behold Him, but not nigh,"
Unless from worldly thoughts we fly;
Our hearts are wholly wrapt in sin,
Unless the Spirit dwell within.

3.

We in the House of God may bend,
And seek to know His word;
Like Balaam we may there attend
The wishes of our Lord.
Then if with ours they disagree,
We wrest them as we would they'd be,
Spurn conscience with a wilful hand,
Nor see if God our course withstand.

4.

How can we 'scape temptation's power,
When we its progress aid?
How can we pray against that hour
Which we ourselves have made?
If knowledge only we possess,
Without the power of Godliness,
Earth's idols will our hearts surround
And we to Baal must be bound.

5.

But gaze on Christ—Oh sinner find
Your bright Example there,
With all your heart, and soul, and mind,
Love Him, and nothing fear.
As sheep astray, thro' learning's maze
You vainly roved; return and gaze
On Him, whose love ne'er yet waxed cold,
The tender Shepherd of His fold.

Third Sunday after Easter.

1.

Come, let us hear the Voice
Of Him who is our might,
Attend, obey, rejoice,
And arm us for the fight;
Our shouts of triumph pour,
Our banner be unfurled,
Like Israel of yore
We're gathered from the world.

2.

What people are so great
To whom the Lord's so nigh
As those who cast the weight
Of sin on the Most High?
What people are so blest
As we whom God hath found?
What people can have rest
But those the Lord hath crowned?

3.

Still we our calling stain
By loving earth so much,
Our high estate make vain
By every idol touch;
If cares our thoughts beguile,
The light of truth we dim,
And faith we must defile,
If aught we add to Him.

4.

The Lord is God alone,
A bright consuming Flame;
The Lord our God is known,
For ever still the same.
Think Christian what you are,
The chosen of your Lord,
His glory called to share,
And to obey His word.

5.

Praise Him alone, and bend
In prayer to Him alone;
The Father will attend
No Advocate but One.
Our Priest is now our God,
And risen but to pray,
To guide us on the road,
And cheer us on the way.

6.

The Comforter is sent,
And we are not alone,
Christ's mantle when He went,
Was giv'n to all His own.
They grieve that they are vile,
And pain will oft assail,
But "yet a little while,"
And joy shall never fail.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

1.

Oh what kind of men should we,
Zealous for our God appear!
Our God, who made us blest, and free
From Satan, sin, and fear.
First fruits are we of all He made,
Our treasure now in Heaven is laid,
Where Christ hath entered to prepare
The glory we with Him shall share.

2.

He begat us of His will,
He begat us with His word,
And born anew, we may fulfil
The precepts of our Lord.
When worldly cares our eye sight dim,
We need but look from earth to Him;
When wealth aboundeth, need but show
From Him alone its blessings flow.

3.

Every good and perfect gift
Cometh from the Lord of light;
All praise to Jesus! let us lift
Our voices, and unite;
For He hath made us what we are,
And cast our former sins afar;
While safety in temptation's hour
We find thro' His Almighty power.

4.

Let us with all heart and will
Give to Him what is His own;
Our time, our thoughts, our all, and still
Our walk in love be shown:
That when men ask, "Why thus we live,
What do we?" We may answer give,
"Thus did our Lord command, when He
Led us from earth His grace to see."

5.

For from darkness into light,
Guided by His Mighty hand,
Our souls emerged, nor can we slight
Our Saviour's least command.
All that the prophets ever heard
Lies open in His Holy word,
And there our hearts are fixed alone,
There only are true pleasures known.

6.

Sinner, would you but believe?
Jesus to all truth will guide,
Your souls with joy will He receive,
Your sins for ever hide:
Odedience then will spring from love,
His easy yoke you then shall prove,
And joys unknown will strew your path,
And all be yours that Jesus hath.

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

1.

Lo sinner, the manna which came from above,
The word of your Saviour behold,
Add nothing, take nought from its marvels of love,
Feed on and gain strength thro' this desert to move,
And soon shall ye enter the fold.

2.

You now may endure tribulation and woe,
But short your abiding is here;
The way may be weary, your foot may be slow,
But Christ, who all obstacles there did o'erthrow,
Commands you to "be of good cheer."

3.

"Whatever the Father ye ask in My name,
To you will His mercy bestow,
Because ye believe from the Father I came,
And loved me, for you in His bosom the flame,
Of love everlasting doth glow."

4.

And oh! can it be, that the people He taught,
With whom He His glory will share,
With hearts lifted up should forget they were bought,
And nurtured by Jesus, and strengthened, and brought
Thro' the terrible wild of despair!

5.

What, is it because they were righteous and clean,
That Jesus hath promised them peace?
Hath He put away from His chosen their sin,
Because aught of good dwelt their bosom within?
The light there reflected is His.

6.

Nor yet for the fruit that the wild olive bore
Hath the husbandman grafted it in,
The loss of those branches which blossomed of yore,
Lopt off from their stem when corrupt to the core,
Made way for our branch to be seen.

7.

Then let us be doers, not hearers alone,
And nourish the sap in our heart,
The Spirit will teach us the deeds to be done,
Lest we be cut off; for if fruit there be none,
E'en we from the olive must part.

8.

In Jesus a cup of cold water hath worth,
Without Him all excellence fails;
In Jesus no heart can continue in dearth,
Without Him the virtue most trusted on earth,
Morality, nothing avails.

9.

Oh! Lord, thro' our hearts may Thy Spirit so flow,
That we may be strengthened in love;
Our branch may it flourish! our fruit may it grow!
Till ripened and gathered by Thee from below,
We rest in Thy garner above!

Sunday after Ascension Day.

1.

The blood was on the altar poured,
The blood for us was shed,
Behold, it was the Saviour Lord
A willing victim led—
The God of all who bled.

2.

The life once forfeited is ours,
The blood we drink is His:
For all that stream of mercy pours,
Oh taste and feel there is
A sense of endless bliss.

3.

The Lamb was worthy found, and died
To make His creatures whole;
And now that we are justified,
And freed from sin's control,
Can Satan bind our soul?

4.

Death could not hold the Lord of life:
What harms His chosen band?
Sin wages an unequal strife,
Where, at their Lord's command,
His own predestined stand.

5.

Tho' from their sight He did remove,
Tho' Heaven His face concealed,
Yet all who His appearing love,
Have found that word and shield,
Which nought can make them yield.

6.

Yes, to the Father Christ did rise
The Comforter to send;
Of Him the Spirit testifies,
Its voice let us attend,
And faithful wait the end.

7.

And let the light which He bestowed
Throughout our conduct glow,
As stewards of the grace of God,
To others let us show
The joys He made us know.

8.

And charity, be thou the bond
Of all our actions here.
Oh! sinner to His love respond,
Who said, "Lo! I am near:"
Cry, "Yea, Lord Christ appear."

Whit Sunday.

1.

Behold the bounty of our Lord,
The love of Jesus view,
Oh sinner hear His gracious word,
"My peace I give to you."
"My peace," oh what must be that peace
Which gilds th' eternal throne?
Turn sinner, let thy sorrows cease,
And gaze on Christ alone.

2.

Behold the mystery of our Lord,
Long hid for ages past,
Now plain to those who love the word,
And hold their Saviour fast;
Salvation is a perfect gift,
To all most freely shown,
Turn sinner, and with faith uplift
Thine heart to Christ alone.

3.

Lift up thy tearful eyes to Heaven,
For Jesse's Root is there,
That Ensign to the Gentiles given,
His glorious rest to share;
Lo, all are called to share His home,
The news thro' earth has gone,
"The Spirit and the Bride say come,"
And come thro' Christ alone.

4.

And oh may God the Spirit move
Our souls His praise to sing;
From love alone, from burning love,
May all our actions spring!
Oh may that Spirit which as Fire
Here on the faithful shone,
Our hearts incline, our minds inspire,
To feed on Christ alone.

5.

Then shall we, like Cornelius, aid
From Godly converse glean,
Like Peter, feel our Lord has made
Nought common or unclean,
But that our sins, however great,
From Jesu's touch have flown,
That we are made regenerate,
And made by Christ alone.

6.

Like Him, our loins we then shall gird
With righteousness and faith,
Like Him, obey our Father's word,
And walk therein till death;
Or till that moment when th' abode,
The counsel, wisdom, might,
And understanding of our God,
Shall open to our sight.

Trinity Sunday.

1.

FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST,
GOD, who made us by a breath,
GOD, in whose blest work we boast,
GOD, who gives His creatures faith:
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Be Thy wondrous name adored,
Praise for Thee o'er earth be poured.

2.

FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST,
GOD, whose counsel none can reach,
GOD, who died to find the lost,
GOD, who doth the humble teach:
To Thy creatures' cries attend,
From all snares Thy Church defend,
On Thy saints in power descend.

3.

FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST,
GOD, whose wondrous love endures,
GOD, whose mercy lights each coast,
GOD, whose fellowship is ours:
Filled with love, replete with grace,
While our hearts Thy presence trace,
We new-born shall see Thy face.

4.

Great CREATOR of the mind,
Formed in image of Thine own,
Tho' by Satan rendered blind,
Snap the chains wherein we groan:
Nothing is too hard for Thee,
When from Thy pure eyes we flee,
GOD, not us, but Jesus see.

5.

Great REDEEMER of the world,
Who for us did wrath receive,
Who Love's Banner hath unfurled,
Let us as a child believe.
Feel that we are all Thine own,
And when Victory is won,
Cast our Crowns before Thy Throne.

6.

Great and glorious COMFORTER,
Sent to cheer us on the way,
Ever show us when we err,
Teach us how we ought to pray;
Guide us safe thro' every ill,
Rest in us, and make us still,
Know more of our Father's will.

7.

FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST,
Great and wondrous Trinity!
Let us join the Heavenly Host,
E'en on Earth in praising Thee.
Raise our Faith, increase our Light,
Guard us till we walk by Sight
Clothed in robes of spotless white.

8.

"Thou art worthy," LORD OF MIGHT,
LORD OF LOVE, AND LORD OF LIFE,
Safely thro' this mortal strife
We may in Thine armour fight;
MIGHT will us sure Vict'ry send,
LOVE will every arrow fend,
LIFE reward us at the end.

9.

"Thou art worthy"—let us raise
Soon Salvation's song to Thee,
FATHER, SON, AND SPIRIT, Praise,
Glory, Power, and Majesty!
As was seen ere time begun,
As is now thro' all things shown,
And shall be when Time is done.

Miscellaneous.

"Commune with your own Heart."—Psalm iv. 4.

1.

Still on Jesus let us ponder,
High indeed the Christian's call,
He may seek the hidden wonder
Of the God who died for all.
Heirs of Glory, such we are,
If our Saviour's cup we share,
If His cross and shame we bear.

2.

Heirs of Glory come up hither,
Hark that call from Heaven is made,
Made to us whose feelings thither
Tend, whose treasure there is laid;
He whose works were perfect, bled,
He who died hath raised the dead,
Our First Fruit, the Church's Head.

3.

There He liveth, God our Saviour,
Largely still dispensing Grace;
Lo to all who ask His favor,
All who humbly seek His face,
Let us search and kill our pride,
Lowly Jesus be our guide,
And we shall be satisfied.

4.

Praise to God! there's One in Heaven,
That can satisfy the heart,
Nothing else that could be given
Would to man content impart;
Nothing but the Lord of Light
Dwelling ever in our sight
Gives a pure and full delight.

5.

Jesus, Thou Whose Spirit raises
Us from Earth, our hearts allege
That Thou wilt accept our praises,
Such the Christian's privilege.
Thou who knowest who are Thine
Give, oh give us Light divine,
As Thy Saints on Earth to shine.

"And this is Life Eternal that they may know Thee."—John xvii. 3.

1.

Let sinners burn to know their Lord
Who deigns to reason with His foe,
Who stays the Plague 'gainst sin outpoured,
Who mercy's Censer makes to glow.

2.

Let sinners burn to know their Lord,
Who came in deep humility,
To visit those who Him abhorr'd,
Their wounds to wash, their bonds to free.

3.

Let sinners burn for Him who bought
The souls He fashioned by His Breath,
For them the direst anguish sought,
For them became the Death of death.

4.

Oh sinner think that He was known
On Earth like thee in flesh and blood,
The Lord 'gainst whom we sin alone,
Himself the Saviour and the God.

5.

Oh sinner think from whence He came,
The Glory of His Heavenly Throne,
Then view His Love's Almighty flame,
Which you by thought and deed disown.

6.

Oh sinner ponder, let thy mind,
This wondrous mystery employ,
On Jesus dwell and thou shalt find,
In Him new life and lasting Joy.

"Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures."—Luke xxiv 45.

1.

Oh grant us Wisdom Lord,
To understand Thy will,
We read Thy gracious word,
Its light on us distill;
Oh let it flow
From Thee above,
That we may know
Thy mighty love.

2.

Without Thee Lord we're blind,
The pages which attest
Thy works and wondrous mind,
In Egypt's darkness rest;
Dispel the night,
Our souls awake,
All clear and bright
Lord Jesus make.

3.

We call upon Thy name,
Life's desert thro' to guide,
We ask the pillared flame
Of love with us to àbide.
Thy people ne'er
Ashamed shall be,
Then Saviour hear,
We call on Thee.

4.

Lord surely we are Thine,
Do Thou our steps controul;
Oh make us more divine,
In body and in soul.
All power of sin
Far from us chase,
And leave within
Our hearts, Thy peace.

5.

Still dwell in us and keep
Our souls from worldly taint,
And raise us from this sleep,
Which ill becomes a saint.
Our new born state
On earth to prove,
And separate
From carnal love.

6.

To part from those who walk
According to their will,
To shun unrighteous talk
Yea aught that tends to ill;
Alone on Thee
To fix our stay,
Lord ever be
Our Light, our Way.

"Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate saith the Lord."—2 Corinthians vi. 17.

1.

Arise my soul and separate
From those who Jesu's footsteps shun,
May'st thou this world more fully hate
Which lieth in the wicked one.
Thy only portion be the Lord,
Thy only joy His saving word.

2.

Arise my soul and cast away
All hankering after former life;
One look, one moment of delay,
Was death to Lot's redeemèd wife.
Flee, flee to Christ, and spurn the shame,
For thee the world He overcame.

3.

What? fear'st thou the reproach of men?
Of worms who as the grass must die,
Forgetting Him whose hands sustain
The earth, who planted Heaven, who high
Above the Heaven of Heavens looks down,
And gives thee an eternal crown?

4.

All contact with the world to flee
The follower of Jesus learns;
A Nazarite from birth is he,
A saint who worldly honor spurns,
Whose strength thro' Christ's indwelling grace
Doth fearlessly temptation face.

5.

But if new-born in God he stain
That life, by yielding still to man,
And separation's vow disdain,
How find the course his Saviour ran?
Like Sampson, weak, betrayed, and blind,
Shall chains of darkness cramp his mind.

6.

Oh stay not thus, my soul awake,
Lay every worldly feeling low,
The Lord will give thee power to shake
The mocking fabric of thy foe,
And in its fall tho' life should cease,
In Christ thou hast eternal peace.

"He saith not. And to seeds, as of many, but as of one; and to thy seed, which is Christ."—Galatians iii. 16.

PART I.

1.

By Satan vanquished, bound,
Lost, despairing, dead,
The serpent's victim heard a sound,
"THY SEED SHALL BRUISE HIS HEAD."

2.

A sound?—'twas God's own voice
To man, His creature, said,—
Man, sunk in hopeless woe,—"Rejoice,"
"THY SEED SHALL BRUISE HIS HEAD."

3.

His head, his power, his might,
[Well may'st thou be afraid,]
By which thy footsteps shun my light,
"THY SEED SHALL BRUISE HIS HEAD."

4.

"Thy Seed?" transporting sound!
"Thy Seed?" yea man "thy Seed;"
Escape, for thee thy God hath found,
"THY SEED SHALL BRUISE HIS HEAD."

5.

"Thy Seed?" yea woman thine,
Thou tempted-tempter, led
By Satan, now by Power Divine
"THY SEED SHALL BRUISE HIS HEAD."

6.

Neglected, spurned, betrayed,
With bread of sorrow fed,
JESUS was He of whom 'twas said,
"THY SEED, SHALL BRUISE HIS HEAD."

7.

Our Sacrifice, our Lamb,
Unblemished, sinless bled,
He to fulfil this promise came—
"THY SEED SHALL BRUISE HIS HEAD."

8.

For this* He tasted death,
And was to slaughter led;
But death shall perish,† *still* he saith,
"THY SEED SHALL BRUISE HIS HEAD."

"The seed is the word of God."—Luke viii. 2.

PART II.

1.

And shall our God, Life's seed
On roads long trodden shed?
On rocks where nought that Word can feed,
Which bruised the serpent's head?

2.

Shall man but hear to rail,
And truth beneath him tread?
Or hear with joy, yet rootless fail,
To crush the serpent's head?

* Hebrews xi. 14. † 1 Corinthians xv. 25, 26.

3.

And let temptation kill,
What once with hope he'd read?*
Draw back, of Him unmindful still,
Who bruised the serpent's head.

4.

Or worse, 'mong many a thorn,
Shall seed grow up to blade,
While men 'mid cares and pleasures scorn
To crush the serpent's head?

5.

While they the Christian's name,
The Christian's life and creed,
Laud high, yet miss the Christian's aim
To crush the serpent's head.

6.

With hearts cold earthly dim,
Of duty proud, instead
Of burning high with love for Him,
Who bruised the serpent's head.

* Matthew xiii. 20, 21, 22, 23.

7.

Christ, let Thy strength, Thy grace,
O'er our weak spirits spread;
Teach us, like Thee, with prayer and praise,
To crush the serpent's head.

8.

Teach us to love Thy word,
And long for Heavenly bread;
And in our hearts do Thou, oh Lord,
Crush Satan's rising head.

"Let not your heart be troubled."—John xiv. 1.

1.

"I am thy God, I will uphold thee,"
Oh sinner hear and bless the voice,
Christ's everlasting arms enfold thee,
Thou only art the Saviour's choice.

2.

The healthy need not a Physician,
The righteous see not Jesu's blood;
But those to whom He grants contrition,
Receive Him as their daily food.

3.

"Fear nothing"—He is with thee sinner,
Oh that is comfort, that is joy,
His strength o'er Hell will make thee winner,
His grace all stain of earth destroy.

4.

"Fear nothing"—oh how blest the sentence,
"Fear not thou worm, be not dismayed,"
Oh Thou who gave us first repentance,
Still deign our flagging course to aid.

5.

Earth's adverse winds in vain would turn us,
Hell's darkness vainly cloud the sky,
If in our strife Thine eye discern us,
If in our troubles Thou be nigh.

6.

"Lord Jesus save us or we perish,"
Stretch forth Thine arm in power divine,
The weakest faith Thy love will cherish,
Then teach us Lord that we are Thine.

7.

When tossed about from care to pleasure,
To Thee our weary spirits cry,
Give us of faith a larger measure,
And whisper still, "Fear not, 'tis I."

8.

Thou'st blotted out all past transgressions,
And given us robes of spotless white,
To Heaven hast gained us free admission,
Then grant us here increasing light.

"Enter ye in at the strait Gate."—Matthew vii. 13.

1.

"I am, and none beside,"
No saviour beareth sway,
But God the Lamb, the Glorified,
The Light, the Way.

2.

On His Eternal Throne
He sitteth but to stay
The coming anger from His own,
And show the Way.

3.

The Lord will make them learn,
The Holy Ghost will say,
When to the right or left they turn,
"This is the way."

4.

Presumptuous men will try,
To join what must decay,
With lasting treasure placed on high,
By Christ the way.

5.

In Egypt, in the world
Of bondage where they stray,
From point to point of doctrine whirled,
Is Christ their way?

6.

While they for earthly joy,
For mortal welfare pray,
Yea e'en in words* their time employ,
Is Christ their way?

* Matthew vii. 21.

7.

If moral good engross
Their thoughts, it will betray;
All virtue shall be counted loss*
To Christ the way.

8.

What matters, whether right,
Or left, they turn astray?
They still are strangers to the Light,
Of Christ the way.

9.

The Sinner who will scoff,
The Righteous who'll obey
With pride, are equally far off
From Christ the way.

* Isaiah lxiv. 6.

10.

Man's righteousness, one deed,
One thought of sin, would slay,*
Then who can stand but those who're freed,
By Christ the way?

11.

Lord Jesus lead us on,
Oh save us from delay,
We look to Thee who art the One,
The only way.

12.

Lord ever fill our heart,
Still teach us how we may
To others with more light impart,
Thy Holy way.

* James ii. 10.

"A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me."—John xvi. 16.

1.

God is King in Earth and Heaven,
God hath broken Satan's snares,
Righteousness to sinners given,
His Almighty power declares.
On high we'll raise
To Him our praise,
Who victory for us achieved,
Who died for sin
That we might win
Joys mortal mind ne'er yet conceived.

2.

We, tho' least of all Creation,
High o'er Thrones and Angels placed;
We, by Gods free gift Salvation,
Know our sins are all effaced.
E'en we tho' still
Thro' carnal will,
Forgetful of that God, may cry
For strength and grace,
Nor will His Face
Be hid from any that apply.

3.

Let us walk in fear and trembling,
Lest we grieve the Holy Ghost;
Lest we, scattered seed resembling,
Eaten, scorched, or choked, be lost;*

* Matthew xiii.

For Fire will prove
E'en works of Love,
And burn the selfish and the cold,
May we so grow
As then to show,
In our Beloved an hundred fold.

4.

Who that feels the Lord is gracious,
Will not to His Love respond?
Strong the gates of Hell and spacious,
But we launch their power beyond;
We burn a Light,
And tho' the night,
Be chill, tempestuous, and dark,
Life's troubled sea
From risk is free,
For God is with us in the Bark.*

* Mark iv. 35, to end.

5.

There no more the timid shudder,
At sin's angry billows round,
Sure, when Faith once clasps the rudder,
Peace and joy are quickly found.
Christ, Christ the Star,
Which beamed from far,
Now bright and steadfast doth appear,
That morning Light
Dispels the night,
Our rest is now both sure and near.

6.

Come Lord Jesus, come we pray Thee,
To Thy faithful Church repair,
Call us Lord who burn to obey Thee,
Soon to meet Thee in the air;

There to join
The Choirs divine,
That ever praise Thy Glorious name
There to see
Our God, and be
The Bride the chosen of the Lamb.

"For there is none other Name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts iv. 12.

1.

How wonderful the Love
Which reigns for us above!
Oh can it never move
Our hardened Hearts?
Must we for ever sleep
And 'gainst our Saviour keep
Closed doors? oh how He'll weep,
Ere He departs.

2.

Now standing at the door
He knocketh more and more;
Come let us Him implore
For strength to rise;
And flinging far away,
Our Robes of miry clay,*
Stand bare without dismay,
Before His eyes.

3.

Our Bridegroom and our Joy
Will then each fear destroy,
Yea, will Himself employ
Our souls to dress.†
The Raiment which He wove,
Is ready from above,
It is His own, His Love,
His Righteousness.

* Isaiah lxiv. 6. † Zechariah iii. 4.

4.

Our Husband is the Lord,
Oh blessed be the word!
Our Husband, who hath heard,
Our slightest cry;
Nay waited for that call,
To share with us His all,
And never can we fall,
From Love so high.

5.

Temptation may surround,
And sin and pain abound,
But Jesus still is found
Beside His Fold.
He sees its wretched state,
He heals the wanderers straight,
And leads them to the Gate,
Of Bliss untold.

6.

And can we not go in?
Must we thro' innate sin,
Try entrance still to win,
Some other road?
No Christ be ours alone,
Faith makes Him all our own,
And leads us to the Throne
Of our just God.

"Glory to God in the highest."—Luke xi. 14.

1.

Praise Him who life to sinners gave,
Praise Him ye saints with one accord,
Who burst the terrors of the grave,
Who died and rose the Saviour Lord.

2.

Then death, where was thy boasted might?
Salvation on the sinner poured,
Salvation, as a flood of light,
The Maker was the Saviour Lord.

3.

Oh let our psalms and hymns resound!
Oh let our every deed and word,
Be in the name of Jesus found,
Our Maker is the Saviour Lord.

4.

Praise Him who turns our night to day,
Praise Him who wields the Spirit's sword,
Let every sinner watch and pray
To imitate the Saviour Lord.

5.

Like Him 'gainst sin we'll take our stand,
Here fight the battle firm and brave,
His ear's not slow, nor short His hand,
The faithful He will surely save.

6.

They who rely on Heavenly grace,
And trust alone on Jesu's power,
May here with real rapture face
Affliction's fierce but fleeting shower.

7.

The kingdom of the incarnate Son,
Will soon diffuse eternal peace,
Lord, that Thy will be quickly done,
Give sinners more abundant grace.

8.

Thy grace, oh be it now our theme!
Thy grace, oh may it ever be
Our daily thought, our nightly dream,
Till our whole life be charity.

"And on earth peace, goodwill toward men."—Luke xi. 14.

1.

The Gospel, the Gospel,
The good, the glorious news,
The mystery here,
By Christ made clear,
Which blinded men abuse.
The Gospel, the Gospel,
The mandate has gone forth,
Goodwill and peace,
And God's free grace,
Are shining thro' the earth.

2.

Oh what shall we render
For gifts so vast and good?
We'll e'en look up,
And take the cup
Of righteousness from God.

Our Maker, Defender,
And Sanctifier still,
Who looked and saw
None keep His Law,
Did all for us fulfil.

3.

Behold, now He standeth,
Yea, knocketh at the door;
Why sinner keep
The Lord? why weep
Because you're weak and poor?
The work He commandeth
Why not at once assay?
Cast off the yoke
Your father's took,
And throw your rags away.

4.

Oh what should encumber
A Christian's hallowed joy?
Can aught affect
The Lord's elect,
Their liberty destroy?
Arise ye who slumber,
Stand in the Paths,* and see,
Search out the ways
Of former days,
And look if these things be.

5.

In Jesus confiding,
His saints their vileness own;
Do doubts arise?
They lift their eyes,
For Light to Him alone.

* Jeremiah vi. 16.

In Jesus residing,
No thought without a prayer,
Their souls secured,
Rejoice, assured
The Comforter is there.

6.

To Jesus, to Jesus,
Who here thro' perfect ways,
For us alone,
Salvation won,
Alone be all the praise.
To Jesus, to Jesus,
Be endless Glory given,
His Kingdom here,
Will soon appear,
His Saints soon sing in Heaven.

Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."—Matthew xxiv. 35.

1.

Eternity, Eternity,
That awful truth to carnal mind,
Eternity, still, still, to be
Tho' long and countless ages flee,
For ever, ever, still to find
No end to Joy or Misery.

2.

Eternity, what bliss is there!
Eternity, what pangs untold!
Flee sinner let not Satan's snare
Tempt thee to dally or despair.
The secret of the Lord unrolled
To those who fear Him, come and share.

3.

Eternity, behold the light,
The Glory that will ever shine,
Too great, too dazzling for the sight
Of those unrobed in Jesu's might,
But veiled in Him, in power divine,
All, all is certain, all is bright.

4.

What plans are made, what schemes are wrought,
By worldlings for this passing scene,
But few of those to Jesus brought,
Train up to Him their every thought,
How few from earth their wishes wean,
How few their God with zeal have sought.

5.

Behold in sin's dark mountain chain,
That Pass, by our Redeemer riven,
Behold how easy to attain,
Is yonder bright and boundless plain.
If none can count the Joys of Heaven,
Oh why Christ's bidding there disdain?

6.

Eternity, come sinner see,
No tearful eye need now be dim,
From lukewarm faith to Jesus flee,
This is th' appointed time for thee.
Now Alleluias sing to Him,
Who called thee from Eternity.

"Why will ye die."—Ezekiel xviii. 31.

1.

And is the Lord of Life by whom
All things have been created,
Who now for us prepares a home.
By those He loves still hated?

2.

Is God who took Man's flesh and died,
Who with His Grace invested
The souls, whom thus He justified
By those He'd save, detested?

3.

And yet the creature puffed with pride,
'Gainst his Creator warring,
In quenchless flame must soon abide,
To all flesh an abhorring.

4.

In sinning man was ne'er fatigued;
So God will never tire,
On those who're now with Satan leagued,
In pouring forth His ire.

5.

The anger of the Living God
Is it a thing for spurning?
The many stripes, the flaming rod,
The fire with brimstone burning?

6.

The gnawing worm, the piercing shriek,
The endless night of anguish,
Which ray of hope shall never break,
Nor countless time extinguish.

7.

Flee, flee ye sinners, flee ye fools,
Those pangs beyond conceiving;
Oh pity your immortal souls,
By praying, by believing.

8.

Flee, flee ye sinners, flee ye fools,
While yet the time is given,
While Jesus calls, and mercy rules,
And love still points to Heaven.

"To-day if ye will hear His Voice."—Hebrews iii. 15.

1.

FOR EVER AND EVER,—What heart can conceive,
What tongue can express that great change in our lot?
Life, peace, and delight to the souls who believe;
Death, terror, and anguish to those who will not.

2.

For ever and ever with Jesus to shine,
In glory unpictured, in pleasures untold;
For ever and ever—'neath judgments divine,
To writhe, where hope never its flower may unfold.

3.

For ever and ever, the Saviour's blest name
Round the throne of our Father in rapture to sing;
For ever and ever, in black burning flame,
Still to shriek where but yells of deep agony ring.

4.

For ever and ever, while pleasures increase,
And the wisdom and might of our Saviour grows plain;
For ever and ever, while pangs never cease,
Soul nor body e'er lightened from exquisite pain.

5.

For ever and ever,—and are men so mad,
While Jesus entreats them, still, still to delay,
In a life so uncertain, a prospect so glad
As the Gospel now offers, how can they gainsay?

6.

For ever and ever,—'tis but to believe,
To take as a child the blest truth of the word;
For ever and ever,—'tis but to receive,
The love of our Saviour, the grace of our Lord.

" Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, hear me, for I am poor and needy."—Psalm lxxxvi. 1.

1.

Oh my God why art Thou far
When troubles me embrace?
Why dost Thou, my Morning Star,
In clouds still veil Thy face?
When temptation's luring hour
In cheating pleasure bids me sleep,
Where Thy Spirit's strengthening power,
My soul in peace to keep?

2.

Peace, alas! I know not here,
O'er thoughts I'd fain conceive,
Earthly care, and joy, and fear,
Their cobweb often weave.
Sullied every wish with sin,
My members pulling me away,
What can I, unless within
My soul Thy Spirit stay?

3.

Oh my God, I wander here,
Far, far from love and Thee,
This is not the Christian's sphere,
This world is not for me.
Still its petty cares enthral,
And wind their chain around its slave,
Nought can I bestow for all
That Christ my Saviour gave.

4.

Nought,—but oh what does He ask?
E'en nought, His wondrous love
Sets no hard, no grievous task,
To those His Grace who prove.
Trust in Jesus, love to Him
Who cleans our feet and gives us hope,
Who with mercy to the brim
Fills high salvation's cup.

5.

It is proffered, yea to me
Who daily go astray,
It is proffered Lord by Thee,
Whose love no time can say;
And eternity shall roll,
Nor all its mighty depth be shown,
Love made God pour forth His soul
For us, for us alone.

6.

Shine oh God, and show me where
The path I'd fain pursue,
From the vain world's gaudy flare
Thy brightness let me view.
Let me, tho' they call me mad,
The "one thing needful" seek below;
Love, like that which Mary had,
Love, love, whence all things flow.

"When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—Colossians iii. 4.

1.

We are dead, our life is hidden—
Hidden, yea with Christ in God,
Nought to us is now forbidden,
For our hearts are His abode.
'Tis a new creation this,
In a world of love and bliss.

2.

We are dead, new things around us,
Former things are passed away,
Worldly thoughts no longer bound us,
Satan's lures no more have sway.
Earthly joys and hopes and fears
Where are ye when Christ appears?

3.

Dead to all, we, as from Heaven,
Now behold the things of earth,
Risen with Christ, the path made even,
Here we move in holy mirth,
While our lips to sinners own
All the Lord for us hath done.

4.

We are dead, our life is hidden,
Oh what joy to know with Whom!
To the Feast we have been bidden,
Lord, we thank Thee, Lord, we come.
Thou it was who first didst call,
Thou who ne'er wilt let us fall.

5.

Thou, who from the lion's fury
Wilt Thy bride for ever bear,
Thou, who wilt appear in glory,
And with her that glory share,
Vexed like Thee with passing scenes,
It is Thou on whom she leans.

6.

It is Thou, whose beacon cheery
Thro' life's vista fills our sight,
Some may find the path more weary,
Right and left their foes may smite;
But each buffet on the road
Sends them nearer to their God.

7.

Every woe, while thus they hasten,
Their peculiar state befits;
Whom He loveth God will chasten,
By affliction's fire He sits,
And from it their hearts He bears,
Once His image there appears.*

8.

Oh what joy that our Refiner
Watches lest one soul be lost,
Gives it hues, which yet diviner,
Shall surprise th' angelic host,
When on high redemption's song
Myriad myriads shall prolong.

* Malachi iii. 3.

For the Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

1.

Rise my soul, delay no longer,
Christ the Lord dispels thy night,
Jesus calls thee, rise and hunger,
For the Spirit's glorious light;
Rise, and fervent faith maintain,
Rise, nor join the world again,
Spurn its pleasure,
For the treasure
Of the King who reigns above,
Of Thy living Saviour's love.

2.

Oh what privilege to adore Him,
Oh what joy to sing His praise,
Blameless may we walk before Him,
Still by faith upon Him gaze;

Blameless by His mercy made,
We've a crown that cannot fade;
Let us ponder,
On the wonder
Of the King who reigns above,
Dying for His creatures' love.

3.

Filled with consolation from His
Wondrous love and gracious word,
Let us ponder on the promise,
Given to all who love the Lord;
Vain your toil for carnal meat,
Cast your soul at Jesu's feet,
Thro' His Spirit
Find the merit
Of the King who reigns above,
In the deep of endless love.

4.

By His Spirit may the Giver
Of our faith thro' us be praised,
What can harm the righteous liver?
Who destroy what God hath raised?
Let our faith by deeds be proved,
Tongues restrained, and brothers loved,
Our behaviour,
Then the Saviour,
Lord and King who reigns above,
Will reward with lasting love.

5.

Sinner strive (the power He'll give)
'Gainst the world and flesh to fight,
Let no sinful feeling live,
Spare not *one* Amalekite.

Pray that from this world of sin
Nought may hide your heart within ;
That in Jesus,
Who'll confess us
To the King who reigns above,
You may rest all joy and love.

6.

Peace, the glorious peace of Heaven,
Then will on your bosoms shine ;
Peace, the test of the forgiven,
Peace, unspeakable divine.
Tempters then as giants strong
Vain will urge you on to wrong,
For, like David,
We'll be savèd,
By the King who reigns above,
By our Christ's Almighty love.

For the Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

1.

How are we poor sinners better
  Than the Christ-professing crowd,
Have we broken every fetter
  That our hearts to pleasure bowed,
    And the greater
  Liberty of Christ avowed?

2.

More than worlds of treasure please us,
  All the words that from Him flow?
Do His hourly gifts impress us
  To make known His love below?
    Still in Jesus
  Do our fruitful branches grow?

3.

Sin, alas! is as a halter,
Binding us who pant for God,
Yea like him who 'gainst the altar,
Cried at Bethel, have we trod,
Still we falter,
When temptation is abroad.

4.

But the Saviour who was tempted
Like as we, yet knew not sin,
All the cup of wrath hath emptied,
That His saints might Glory win,
And exempted
From all blame, they enter in.

5.

Can such mighty Love be slighted
Christ's unfathomable Love?
Worms in mire of sin benighted,
Now may bend their gaze above,
All invited,
In the Saviour's Light to move.

6.

Yea the Spirit witness beareth,
That we 're each with Christ an Heir,
Each a son of Him who sweareth
Never to desert our care;
And who dareth?
Who can us from Him ensnare?

For the Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

1.

With heart and voice together let us raise,
Unto the Lord
Our humble thanks, our sacrifice of praise,
With one accord;
Let us most helpless in ourselves unite
In prayer, for Grace to think and do aright.

2.

Oh thank Him for the thought, the power to will,
The strength to do;
Oh praise Him for the word, the faith we feel,
For promise true;
Praise, praise Him for the joy our spirits wear,
We are not tempted 'bove what we can bear.

3.

And ceaseless let us seek the Spirit's aid,
Let us still pray,
And that like Jesus we may then be made,
Let us obey;
Watch, watch, lest thinking that we stand, we fall,
For round lie dangers that may well appal.

4.

Around, the altars of this world arise,
Around their gods,
Cares and affections with seducing ties,
Fix their abode.
How seldom we our hearts to Jesus lift,
How often lose the Giver in the gift.

5.

Men love the creature, the Creator slight,
Their eyes are dim,
Their duties and employments give delight,
Unmixed with Him;
And yet Idolatry their lips deny,
'Twixt Christ and Baal they will not descry.

6.

And while such Idols in our hearts remained,
Did nought annoy?
Was Peace which passeth understanding gained,
Was ours full Joy?
No longer between two opinions stand,
Self-righteousness or Christ must now command.

7.

Look to the teachers whom ye love to hear,
Who cry "Peace, Peace,"
For objects of your troubled love, let prayer
Each hour increase,
But asking still amiss, should ye obtain?*
Surely ye are disquieted in vain!

* James iv. 3.

8.

But see the Altar of the Lord, 'tis reared
Of Faith alone,
Behold the Sacrifice thereon prepared,
'Tis all His own.
The prayers and praises of the saints, and lo!
Deep waters of affliction round them flow.

9.

See Fire enwrap them, see the flames of Love,
From God's abode,
Refine them, and their incense mount above,
"The Lord is God."
"The Lord He is the God," His is the might,
His yoke is easy and His burden light.

10.

"The Lord He is the God," His presence fear,
Trust all to Him,
Your works will now acceptable appear,
You, righteous seem.
In His eyes righteous, tho' in man's abhorred,
Walk on in sweet communion with the Lord.

For the Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

1.

Ye who say we feed on Jesus
Do you love the Lord at heart?
Is the wretch whom Satan seizes,
Plunged in crime, cast out apart?*
The self same sin,
Your souls within,
The same disease infects your blood,
Tho' in degree,
It milder be,
The latent poison shuts out God.

2.

Yes poor naked outcast sinner,
Know thyself and prove *thine* heart,
Would'st thou be with Christ a winner,
Strike and stay not yet thy dart.†

* Compare Gehazi's leprosy, 2 Kings, v. 27, with 2 Corinthians, vi. 17.
† 2 Kings, xiii. 18, 19.

Is this a time
To sport with crime,
And joy that others worse appear?
Oh forward still,
And strive to fill
Christ's perfect stature e'en while here.

3.

If ye think our steps we measure
By the precepts of our God,
If we deem the promised treasure
Waits us in His blest abode,
O why should pride
Turn us aside
From trusting solely on our Priest?
The flesh is weak,
Then let us seek
The deep humility of Christ.

4.

When the Syrian's pride departed,
Jordan's waters made him clean;
When the Christian's humble hearted,
Jesu's blood hath cleansed his sin.
We're not asked much,
One simple touch
Sets sin's worst leprosy adrift;
From endless death
We're saved by faith,
Not ours, but Christ's own precious gift.

5.

Cast we then as filthy raiment
All self righteous works away;
Spurn the poor unhallowed payment,
Which their self-pleased thoughts betray;

And well we know
From Jesus flow,
The first desires to learn the word.
That every tree
Uptorn shall be,
Save what is planted by the Lord.

6.

Come ye chosen, humbly kneeling,
Pray, and your Redeemer own,
Let each movement, thought, and feeling,
Spring from love of Him alone.
All sinful dust
Full fervent trust
In its Creator may possess,
Christ gives the grace,
False shame to face,*
And strength His glory to confess.

* Luke ix. 26.

For the Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

1.

Oh how deceitful is the heart,
Were its remotest corner bared,
Some lurking lust in every part,
Some secret wish for sin prepared,
Some idol love to life would start,
For there the flesh its sway hath reared,
But He who letteth, will restrain
Till their reward His chosen gain.

2.

Oh what a battle field is there!
God, Satan's empire will dispute,
The wheat will flourish with the tare,
The Spirit's voice will not be mute.
The Lord will for the righteous care,
And purge them till they bring forth fruit,
The Great Refiner will behold
His image, God will have His gold.

3.

Lord, till in us the flesh be dead,
Its best affections crucified,
Our souls unto the light be led,
Our spirits in Thy joy abide,
Work Lord, work on till knowledge spread,
As water o'er the sea, till pride
And all the sins that good withhold,
Lie crushed and trodden round Thy fold.

4.

Work Lord, work on till wicked men,
No longer 'gainst Thy chosen, band;
Oh let us still in peace remain,
And love the thing Thou dost command.
Thy blessed promise soon obtain,
Yet here in patient meekness stand,
Until the time of perfect rest,
Thy time, oh Lord, Thy time is best.

5.

Have men Thy chastening love received?
Some callous to instruction seem,
Yea some are stricken, but not grieved,
Some for their plagues the Lord blaspheme;
While many when from woe relieved
Straight spurn the hand that did redeem,
Like lepers cleansed, upon their road
Ten walk, while one bows down to God.

6.

"Fear ye not Me?" Oh hear the word,
It is the Lord's—"Fear ye not Me?"
Thro' Hades' chains, thro' Satan's cords,
Who rose triumphant? it was He.
Yet "as a cage is full of birds,"*
Your houses full of fraud we see,
Your Priests their false instruction sow,
And Christians love to have it so.

* Jeremiah v. 27.

7.

Shall God not visit you? beware!
His judgment will not alway sleep,
Did Christ the barren fig-tree spare,
Shall He the idle servant keep?
Behold His arm already bare,
Oh fall before His feet and weep,
Pray for the Spirit, for the Lord
Alone can teach His holy word.

8.

Pray, and the Holy Ghost will clear
The darkest page of holy writ;
The Lord will answer humble prayer,
The Bridegroom's voice the bride shall greet;
And love and joy and peace be near,
And righteousness the sinner meet,
And endless increase shall he see
Of faith, and hope, and charity.

For the Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

1.

Why come ye here to sing and pray?
Why seek the Lord and ask His way?
Unless our hearts entire we lift
To Him for every gracious gift;
Unless our joy in what is given
Springs only from our love of Heaven;
The creature of our soul has part,
And stands an idol in our heart.

2.

Yet hear the Gospel, hear the news,
Which God doth o'er this earth diffuse.
Tho' death be wages sure of sin,
No pleasure hath His soul therein;
"Oh turn ye, turn, why will ye die?"
Is still the Maker's urgent cry.
All sins are hid in mercy's store,
Nor shall they be remembered more.

3.

The Saviour washed us in His blood
While helpless and defiled we stood,
Without a wish for Heavenly birth,
Without a thought beyond this earth;
Exalted by free proffered grace,
And boldly seeking Jesu's face,
With Angels now we laud His ways,
With Angels sing our Maker's praise.

4.

We're freed from bondage, freed from death,
Nor can sin's fetters curb our faith;
Their links disjoined, their rivets sprung,
When wide the gates of death Christ flung.
What He hath loosed, can Satan bind?
O'er souls redeemed, new meshes wind?
Such snares we now may break with ease,
And dance* and sing our Maker's praise.

* Psalm cxlix. 3.

5.

Yet sin we shall, nay hourly must,
While clay defiled in frames of dust;
But Jesus our sole Priest on high
Will plead with tears of sympathy.
He ever pleadeth for His own,
For those who trust on Him alone,
Who shun all works that do not spring
From love of their redeeming King.

6.

Oh let us our vocation prove,
By meekness, lowliness, and love;
Our blessed calling show to all
Whose hearts are still in Satan's thrall.
As Christ's elect, forbearing, meek,
And kind, His glory only seek,
And strengthening one another sing,
All praise to our redeeming King.

For the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

1.

Oh let us rend our hearts,
And cry unto the Lord,
He, He alone imparts
What worlds could not afford:—
A lasting peace
To all who grieve,
And will receive
His proffered grace.

2.

Together let us sing
Loud praise to God on high,
Together let us string
Our hearts to melody;
For pity reigns
Above, and flows
From Heaven, for those
In Satan's chains.

3.

Oh let us turn to God,
With all our heart and mind,
The strait and narrow road
His love will help to find.
Oh let us still
In spirit fast,
And from us cast
All thought of ill.

4.

Oh let us entrance win
By faith, and nothing doubt,
Nor force our passage in,
A wedding garb without.
Let ours be made
Of Jesu's love,
In colours wove
Which cannot fade.

5.

All vestures come to nought
Which men so perfect deem,
'Tis only Jesu's coat
Is woven without seam.
It we will wear,
Nor death nor hell
Shall e'er prevail
One thread to tear.

6.

And casting all we had,
Our works, our ragged dress,
We'll meet our Maker, clad
In Christ's own righteousness.
It here pursue
With prayer and song,
Then stand among
The chosen few.

4.

Of Righteousness our Breast-plate,
Our Helmet of Salvation,
We'll take the Sword,
Thy Holy Word,
And make our supplication.
We fly to Thee Lord Jesus,
In this our sore affliction,
We fly to Thee,
To set us free,
From all our dereliction.

5.

Oh hasten, Jesus, hasten,
Thy day of might and glory,
Oh Saviour come,
And call us Home,
To chaunt Thy praise before Thee.

On Thee our faith we fasten,
On Thee our eye we 're keeping,
As Jacob did
On Rachel, mid
His servitude and weeping.

6.

Thou Lord respondest ever,
With thousand-fold affection,
Thou first did'st move,
Our hearts to Love,
We're Thine but by Election;
Thro' Thee, the Victory Giver,
Our strife will soon be ended,
And we shall shine,
In Light divine,
And Joys ne'er comprehended.

For the Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

1.

How blest the man whose pondering soul,
Sound Wisdom holds in strict controul,
Whose heart is her abode;
How blest the man who bends his mind
To understanding, he shall find
The knowledge of his God.

2.

Ye loiterers lift your voices high,
And to that God our Saviour, cry,
For power His truth to gain;
Oh search, as if for treasures hid,
But treasures to no soul forbid,
For none can search in vain.

3.

Lord, Thou canst satisfy the heart,
Fill all our souls, to all impart,
The pleasures of Thy path.
Oh make Thy church's love sincere,
Lord save it from all evil here,
As from eternal wrath.

4.

May we each thought upon Thee link,
Nor of ourselves too highly think,
But all things count as loss;
The greatest wisdom, power, and gain,
But foolishness and labor vain,
Before Thy glorious Cross.

5.

As we our fellow men forgive,
Blot out our sins, and let us live
A monument of Grace.
Oh surely we may now confess,
Thy "ways are those of pleasantness,"
And all Thy "paths are peace."

6.

Yea, in Thy Household cleansed and free,
Our thoughts may now be fixed on Thee,
In love's ascending flame.
Thy sure protection we'll implore,
Devoutly serve Thee evermore,
And glorify Thy name.

For the Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

1.

Oh let us raise,
Our voice in praise,
To God our refuge, God our strength,
Our prayers pursue
In faith, for who
Can tell His mercy's breadth or length?

2.

Oh let us cry,
To Him on high,
Who dealeth to the wicked death,
But maketh whole,
The liberal soul,
And waters him that watereth.

3.

To Christ the King,
We'll fearless sing,
For He our thorny path has trod,
Our Sacrifice,
Is in the skies,
Our Lamb is on the Throne of God.

4.

What profits dwell
In riches? Hell.
And what in pride? Eternal shame.
But Wisdom is
The Godly's bliss,
And lowly souls are free from blame.

5.

Oh grant us Lord,
To search Thy word,
With humble faith and contrite heart,
Unlike the tree
Thou curs'dst, may we
The fruits of righteousness impart.

6.

Lord grant our eyes,
May none despise,
But give to all the world their due;
Seek nothing great,
But that our weight,
Be in Thy balance just and true.

7.

In Heaven our talk,
In Faith our walk,
May we that Saviour ever bless,
Whose Blood hath burst,
Sin's yoke accurst,
And washed our souls in Godliness.

8.

Who'll yet conform,
Our wretched worm,
To His own Body gloriously,
All things unto
Himself, subdue,
And contrite rebels render free.

For the Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

1.

All thanks be to Jesus,
All praise to His name,
Whose mercy now sees us
Divested of blame,
Whose Blood wholly freed us
From sins boasted might,
Whose Spirit hath made us
Partakers of Light.

2.

All praise be to Jesus,
The Holy, the True,
Whose Presence will ease us*
When trials subdue,
Whose clemency brought us
To bow to the rod,
Whose Love alone taught us
The knowledge of God.

3.

Our souls are engrafted,
On Jesus our vine,
Around us is wafted
The soft air divine;
Trained upward for bearing,
And purged to give fruit,
Each branch the sap sharing,
From Jesse's rich Root.

Psalm, xc. 15.

4.

How sweet the beginning
Of Wisdom and Light,
When hatred of Sinning,
Hath roused to the fight,
When all that seemed Holy
While dark was the Word,
Proves labor and folly,
At glance of the Lord.*

5.

Surrounded from Heaven,
With pardon and peace,
The naked are given
Christs' garment of Grace;
Tho' foul their disorder,
And hopeless for years,
If Faith touch the border,
It straight disappears.

* Matthew xix. 16 to 23.

6.

In Joyfulness chaunting,
Christ's Glory and Grace,
Let us not be wanting,
In patience and peace,
In knowledge increasing,
And fruitful in deed,
In prayer without ceasing,
Thro' Jesus our Head.

For the Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.

1.

Behold the days are near,
Our hope our glory nigh,
When Jesus shall on Earth appear,
With all His Saints from High;
Yea those who in Him sleep,
Shall rise, His power to share.
And we, who here our watching keep,
Shall meet Him in the air.

2.

Behold the the hour's at hand,
Oh blessed glorious hour!
When David's righteous Branch shall stand,
On Sion's hill with power,
When Judgment shall go forth,
The day of Grace be past,
And righteousness shall fill the Earth,
And Justice rule at last.

3.

Lo, Israel's favored seed
Shall to their city come,
Them their rejected Lord will lead
In triumph to their Home.
Them, countless as the sand,
His presence there will bless,
His name shall be in every land,
"THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

4.

His gifts alone we wear,
His Bride we shall be yet,
A little while endure we here,
Our absent Lord regret;
A Bride, by Him endowed
With all that we possess,
Soon with what Joy we'll cry aloud,
"THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

"But as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the Sons of God, even to them that believe on His name, which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."—John i. 12, 13.

1.

The wicked consumeth
His being in strife,
The righteous man bloometh
By rivers of life;
The way of transgressors
Is painful and hard,
The Saviour's confessors
Are filled with reward.

2.

The choice now before us
May soon pass away,
The judgment hangs o'er us,
Oh can we delay?
Christ died to release us—
There's no middle road—
The lukewarm to Jesus
Are foes to their God.

3.

Be Thou alone praisèd
Thou Lamb who hast bled,
Thou God who hast raisèd
Our souls from the dead.
'Tis but thro' Thy merit
We 'scape the great wrath,
'Tis but thro' Thy Spirit
We run the strait path.

4.

All doubting and anguish
Far from us is hurled,
By Jesus we vanquish
The prince of this world.
In vain would he win us,
Resisted, he'll flee,
For God that is in us
Is greater than he.

5.

Abiding for ever
Encircled with might,
To us He's the Giver
Of pardon and light.
Our darkness is fleeing;
Faith shows us our Priest,
For oh! our new being
Lies hidden with Christ.

"Behold I come quickly and my reward is with Me."—Revelations xxii. 12.

1.

In Christ our Lord we will rejoice,
In Jesus trust alone,
In prayer and praise lift up our voice
And make our wishes known;
And He who sees what we require
Will give us all our heart's desire.

2.

We fain would run the appointed race,
Tho' hindered sore by sin,
Yet why? the mighty power of Grace
Hath made us sure to win.
Oh what retards our course to Heaven
Since all our bonds by Christ are riven!

3.

The flesh, the flesh, alas! while here
Its sin will clog the way,
When least expected 'twill appear
And force on us delay;
Yet Jesus' shield our souls will hide,
And turn the deadly darts aside.

4.

His peace, which passeth aught we know,
Will cheer our lonely road,
Exalt our thoughts from all below,
And keep our souls with God.
If first He come, or first we die,
Our hope is with Him sure and nigh.

5.

Yea, He will soon appear below,
Our strife will soon be o'er,
All nations soon before us bow,
All kings our Lord adore.
No stranger then on earth,* we're there
Christ's Crown and Glory called to share.

6.

And He will reign in righteousness,
And kings in judgment rule,
This world emerge from deep distress
And with all joy be full.
The Lord of Lords, the King of Kings,
Will come with healing in His wings.

* Job xix. 27.

Christmas Day.

1.

Lo! the dawn of Christ's appearing,
Lo! the bright and morning star,
Shades of night around us clearing,
Harrassed sinners come from far.
Streaks of promise in the sky
Of the glorious day spring nigh,
Christ there reigning,
And sustaining
All creation by His word;
Christ our Saviour, Christ our Lord.

2.

Unto us a Son is given,
Unto us a Child is born,
Praise resounds throughout all Heaven,
Earth alone its Lord doth scorn.

Men, for whom He came to die,
Still the power of blood deny,
But the Spirit
We inherit
Shows us Him in whom we dwell,
Our beloved IMMANUEL.

3.

Oh what light is now before us,
Light scarce thought of here, or named;
Strive, oh strive, to join that Chorus
Where the sun shall be ashamed.
Where that Star's transcendant blaze,
Which thro' mist can shed such rays,
Will be clearer
Far, and nearer;
Oh that city must be bright
Where God is Himself the Light.

4.

If on Him our Faith we fasten,
What tho' Satan press us sore,
To our cry He'll instant hasten,
Nay, He's with us evermore.
Oh what joy to know that nought
Can molest the souls He bought,
Earth and Heaven
All are given
To our blest Redeemer's sway,
"Prince of Peace," He'll not delay.

5.

Look on Jesus who descended,
Who was in our nature born;
Look on Jesus, who defended
Man from endless pain and scorn.

Look on Jesus, who was dead,
Living still for us to plead,
Look on Jesus,
Look on Jesus,
Who will, as he went, appear,
Bringing all who loved Him here.

6.

Lo! the mighty God is coming,
Now no stranger, nor alone,
There's a fire His foes consuming,
And the world will be His own.
Justified by special Grace
Soon we'll sing before His face,
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah,
Endless Glory to the Lamb,
By whose blood we overcame.

Saint Stephen's Day.

1.

To Jesus, who on high
Enthroned on God's right hand doth sit,
Still pleading when we sin commit,
To Jesus let us cry.

2.

To Christ, who aid will bring
To all who suffer for His sake,
And Satan's snares for ever break,
To Christ, too let us sing.

3.

For faith and knowledge cry,
That in afflictions deepest night,
Our souls may still discern the light,
And Satan's power defy.

4.

For God's great Glory sing,
That Glory which shall be revealed,
That Glory which by faith beheld,
E'en here doth rapture bring.

5.

Yea, by the grace of God,
His Saints thro' faith in suffering here,
May see the Glory that is near,
And hail their bright abode.

6.

Just as when Stephen died,
Christ's everlasting arms below,
Will raise our thoughts from pain and woe,
Our souls to Glory guide.

7.

Christ's everlasting arms!
Oh Sinner ponder on the Grace,
Which leads thee to that resting place,
And quiets Hell's alarms.

8.

Stand forth as Lion bold,
In Christ's own righteousness, oh stand,
Leave soul and spirit in His hand,
Salvation full behold.

9.

With all your heart and voice,
Shout sinners shout with one accord,
Welcome the coming of your Lord,
In Him rejoice, rejoice.

10.

For soon from shore to shore,
Shall joyful nations chaunt His name,
Soon shall His own Jerusalem
Be desolate no more.

Saint John's Day.

1.

To God most merciful, the God
Who washed us in His precious blood,
Who loved us sunk in the soul's night,
Who made us kings and priests, who gave
Pardon to Sin's and Satan's slave,
Oh let us raise our voice for light.*

2.

Cry for those beams of light which shone
Upon His blest Apostle John,
Like him that we may walk below,
In knowledge of the word, like him
That truth may guide our sight, now dim,
To Heaven's bright everlasting glow.

* 1 John i. 5.

3.

Are any righteous? no not one,
The world is lost we're all undone;
But "God is faithful to forgive,"
The just Creator has maintained
His cause, the Lord of Heaven has deigned
His sweet compassion, and we live.

4.

As naked from the dust we came,
So naked go we to the same;
Why will this Earth man's vision blind?
His wealth, his cares, his pleasures cease,
All, all he seeks, save Godly peace,
Is labour only for the wind.

5.

Oh let us not our vows defer,
May Holy love our bosoms stir,
Yea burn within us to that king
Who doth most wonderfully raise
Such worms to join the song of praise,
Which Myriads to His footstool bring.

As kings we here may rule our heart,
As priests to Jesus set apart,
His blood before the Throne display;
Yea here IMMANUEL loves to dwell,
In Him we live, and Death and Hell
Are disappointed of their prey.

The Innocents' Day.

1.

Come let us praise the Lord,
Who from His Throne above,
With kindness as a cord,
With everlasting love,
Hath sinners drawn
To Him, and will,
For He hath sworn,
Draw sinners still.

2.

Come sinner sing to God,
Who'th ransomed His redeemed,
Who, from His bright abode,
Hath light around the beamed;
With heart and voice,
And praises long,
Let all rejoice,
Both old and young.

3.

Your fruitless tears refrain,
Nor weep for passing woe,
That hope is not in vain,
The Lord Himself doth show.
The Lamb who stands
On Sion's Hill,
'Mid virgin bands,
Invites you still.

4.

The Lord, who babes of yore,
From sin and Satan saved;
The Lord, who gave us more,
Than ever minds depraved
Could pray for, He,
Who by His blood
Hath made us free,
Still seeks your good.

5.

The Almighty God who made
Infants His name adore,
By martyrdom, will aid
Your soul if you implore,
To mortify
Each carnal will,
And vices, by
His Spirit kill.

6.

Come Christians pray to God
For larger stores of Grace,
He this life's path hath trod,
Do you each footstep trace.
That Him your faith
In Constancy,
E'en unto Death,
May glorify.

Circumcision.

PART I.

1.

How blest the man to whom the Lord,
No more will sin impute!
How blest the land wherein His word
Takes firm and lasting root.

2.

The Saviour looked on Earth and saw
All sunk in pain and death,
Yet gave us grace to' obey the Law,
By righteousness of Faith.

3.

The gracious God who, throned in might,
From everlasting loved
His creatures; He fulfilled each rite,
Each stumbling block removed.

4.

Oh let us to that God who gave
To Abram's fervent faith,
The sign that He his seed would save,
From just and endless Death.

5.

Oh let us to that God, with fire
Of holiest love look up,*
For what doth He of us require?
To take Salvation's cup.

* Galatians v. 6.

6.

Nought else demands He in return
For all His wondrous Love,
Nought asks His Creatures but to burn,
With thirst His Joy to prove.

7.

Oh sinner greatly art thou blest,
Behold thy Saviour's might,
Accept His yoke, 'tis love confest,*
A burden—oh! how light.

8.

Love, only Love—behold the sphere
Of Joy where Angels move,
And faith will give thee entrance there,
To see the God of Love.

* "Love is the fulfilling of the Law."—Romans, xiii. 10.

PART II.

1.

Once deeply laden sunk with sin,
We fainted on the road,
Now we anew our course begin,
But Jesus bears the load.*

2.

We cling to Him with rest and peace,
Our souls doth He inspire,
His wondrous Love doth never cease,
Nor His forbearance tire.

3.

The mighty riches of His Grace
All they who dare to slight,
Wrath, treasure up, against the Days
Of Revelation's light.

* Acts, xv. 8, 9, 10, 11.

4.

Against that hour when Heaven shall see,
All mystery unsealed,
And God's most righteous judgment be
To this dark world revealed.

5.

That awful day when men shall live,
Tho' Heaven and Earth recede,
When God to each, reward will give,
According to their deed.

6.

What then will it their souls avail,
That by His blood they're bought?
If in the fruit of faith they fail,
Their Circumcision's nought.*

7.

The name of Christian then will add,
An hundred fold to shame,
The Sinner 'll wail that e'er he had
A knowledge of that Name.

* Romans ii. 28, 29.

8.

But may the Holy Ghost impart
To us His endless bliss,
May Circumcision of the heart,
Make us for ever His.

Conversion of St. Paul.

1.

Praise Jesus who is Christ and God,
Who high in glory reigneth,
Praise Him who from that bright abode
His Church below sustaineth.
Who in this world of sin and pride
Still makes Himself be glorified,
And leads to cooling rivers
An army of believers.

2.

The vilest sinner turned to God
May here have free salvation,
Christ's greatest foe who raged for blood
May gain the highest station;
Like Paul, his heart the Lord will find,
To Hell's temptations make him blind,
Then ope his eyes to Heaven,
And all free grace has given.

3.

Many are last who shall be first,
Let sinners not dissemble,
But if they think they're not the worst,
Remember Paul and tremble.
Lord let them cry in abject grief,
Of sinners, Lord, we are the chief;
When Thou shall come in glory
How can we stand before Thee?

4.

A little knowledge tends to pride,
For such have we been straining;
Too long have we been satisfied
At wisdom thus attaining;
But forward, forward now we'll run,
Until the goal of peace be won,
Till Christ our soul obtaineth,
And there triumphant reigneth.

5.

Still onward pressing to the mark
Of our high call in Jesus,
E'en for perfection we'll embark,
And dare earth's scoffing breezes.
Can Hell's surge move a heart to fear
When Christ Himself the bark doth steer?
Come let us crave His blessing,
Our want of faith confessing.

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When Christ Himself the bark doth steer?
Come let us crave His blessing,
Our want of faith confessing.

Saint Matthias.

1.

The Christ, whose blood hath bought us
From sin and endless woe;
The Christ, whose spirit taught us
When all seemed dark below,
To look beyond earth's narrow bound,
Let us with heart-felt prayer surround.

2.

We have a sign from Heaven,
We know that God is Love,
To us a Light is given,
A strong arm from above.
A sacrifice that did prevail,
A pardon that can never fail.

3.

Of Righteousness the Giver,
God's Justice still abides,
Oh Lord preserve us ever,
From false and faithless guides,
And teachers 'mong Thy chosen raise,
To lead us in the song of Praise.*

4.

Lord visit Thine Elected,
Lord make their faith more strong,
Their prayers are not rejected,
Albeit unanswered long,
Nay more, far more doth Jesus grant,
Than sinners wish, or know they want.

5.

Christ from the wise is hidden,
The prudents' eye is dim,
But babes are alway bidden,
To joy, and feed on Him.
They gain the Wisdom of the Lord,
Who keep the precepts of His Word.

* Acts i. 24, 25.

6.

Thro' love of Christ the Holy,
The wonderful, the meek,
May sinners grow more lowly,
True wisdom only seek,
With His light yoke, themselves invest,
And they shall find the promised rest.

Good Friday.

1.

"IT IS FINISHED, IT IS FINISHED:"
Hark that cry from Calvary,
From the Just, for sinners punished,
With the direst agony.
"IT IS FINISHED," Jesus cries,
As upon the cross He dies;
Jesus, Lord of Earth and Skies,
God of all beyond our eyes.

2.

Wounded e'en for our transgression,
Bruisèd for our sins was He;
Lo! upon His hands the impression
Of the Cross, yet shall we see.
Yea while countless ages roll,
Of the travail of His Soul
Myriads, shall be rendered whole,
And His word no power controul.

3.

As a Lamb to slaughter taken,
Dumb and meek, behold He died;
By His Father once forsaken,
Now for ever Glorified.
In His wounds ourselves we shield,
By His stripes our souls are healed,
By His blood our faith is sealed,
By His death is Life revealed.

4.

"IT IS FINISHED:" our redemption,
FINISHED by the great High Priest,
Sinners now may claim exemption,
From all Judgment thro' the Christ.
Claim too entrance at that door,
To the bright and glorious shore,
Where Joy's still expanding flower,
Fragrant blooms for evermore.

5.

"IT IS FINISHED:" Satan's power,
Sin and darkness all have gone,
Death and Hell have had their hour,
"IT IS FINISHED:" it is done;
Humbled sinner raise thy head,
Let thy fears be captive led,
Life burst forth on all the dead,
When the Saviour Jesus bled.

6.

High on Song's immortal pinion,
All ye Heavens your worship raise;
Everlasting Joy, Dominion,
Glory, Honor, Power, and Praise,
Be unto the King who died,
That we might be justified,
And for ever Him beside,
Reign a pure and spotless Bride.*

Easter Monday.

1.

The Lord who left His heavenly Throne,
And here for sinners wept,
Hath to His Father's bosom gone,
Lo! there abides the Spotless Son,
First-Fruits of all who slept.

* Ephesians v. 25, 26, 27.

2.

Fulfiller of the law's whole rite,
To die the Saviour came,
Then rose; our souls with Him took flight,
As first fruits also without blight,
To God and to the Lamb.

3.

Before the Throne our Sheaf is waved,*
Unleavened, undefiled,
Our Lamb is killed, our way is paved
Thro' Death's dark vale, and we are saved,
For God on Him hath smiled.

4.

Behold Him there the Church's Head,
The Hold to all who flee,
Supreme till every foe be dead,
And righteousness o'er earth be spread,
As waters o'er the sea.

* Leviticus xxiii. 10, 11, 12.

5.

And oh how vast redemption's cost!
All knowledge it defies,
Yet paralysed by Satan's host,
How few believe, how sunk, how lost
This world at present lies!

6.

With greater light than Israel knew,
How many Christians fail,
Their duties without love pursue,
Or seize on pleasures short and few,
And at salvation rail.

7.

While murmur some for lack of food,
And oft provoke the Lord,
The smitten Rock still pours its flood,
In mercy still around is strewed
The manna of the word.

8.

But we thro' grace may now prevail,
And in one song unite,
For us nor Stream nor Manna fail,
Our desert's made a fruitful vale,
And Jesus is its Light.

Whit Tuesday.

1.

For those who would find Heaven,
There is a glorious Door,
To reach it strength is given
The wearied and the poor.
The way is crowded with the meek,
And open still to all who seek.

2.

Oh let us without sadness
All other paths forsake,
And follow on with gladness
The new road God did make.
Like Abram go, at His command,
From house and kindred, home and land.

3.

So spurning ease and pleasure
Heart-friendships, and abode,*
For one absorbing treasure,
The kingdom of our God;
His promise ever in our view,
Shall we that way with joy pursue.

4.

Oh let us without ceasing
Our aspirations raise;
In grace be still increasing
And ever giving praise.
Oh what but Christ can turn the heart,
Or of salvation form a part?

* Colossians iii. 2.

5.

Come ye in song excelling,
High raise your cries and shout,
The Lord is with us dwelling,
All sin is blotted out.
His promises can never err,
And we possess the Comforter.

6.

Oh! God the Holy Spirit,
Do Thou expand our heart,
Make us more meet t' inherit
The glory where Thou art.
Conform us to Thine image more,
And give the grace which Jesus wore.

Baptism.

1.

Look upon us Jesus,
Listen to our prayers,
From all doubts release us,
Break all Satan's snares.
On Thy mercy counting
Lord, this child we bring,
To Thy Blood's sweet Fountain,
That all cleansing Spring.

2.

Lord, this child to offer,
We Thy saints presume,
For Thou didst say, "Suffer
Little Babes to come."
Born in sin and sorrow,
Nought has he to give,
Jesus let him borrow
Strength from Thee, and live.

3.

Thou whose Fingers wrought him,
To our prayer incline;
Thou whose travail bought him,
Bless this outward sign;
Thou who hast within him,
Placed a living soul;
Thou who died to win him,
Wash, and make him whole.

4.

Without spot or wrinkle,
Here there is a host,
Whom Thou still dost sprinkle,
With the Holy Ghost.
Come then Holy Spirit,
Come upon this child,
Thro' his Saviour's merit,
Now no more defiled.

5.

Tho' he cannot raise Thee
Thanks in measured voice,
Oh may he yet praise Thee,
And one day rejoice.*
Yea Lord, make him wholly
Thine, as we are Thine,
And together fully
Show us Joys divine.

6.

Soon the days are coming
Jesus, when with Thee
In Thy virtues blooming,
Thy Redeemed shall be.
When the Church's leaven,
Shall be purged away,
And in Earth as Heaven,
Young and old obey.

* Matthew xxi. 16.

Matrimony.

1.

Lord look on those whom Thou
In mystic chain hast tied,
Oh may Thy servant's heartfelt vow,
For evermore abide.
We know that Thine oh Lord,
No power can set aside,
For all shall fail us but Thy word,
And we shall be Thy Bride.

2.

Yea, we shall reign with Thee,
Our Glory and our Head,
Come quickly, Jesus, come, for we
Are wearied mid the dead.
And once we were the same,
Lost, lonely and undone,
When lo! the Holy Spirits' flame,
Did covenant us, Thine own.

3.

All Glory to Thee Lord!
We see Thy precious blood,
Oh! still a nearer view accord,
Of that Eternal Food;
A clearer sight bestow,
On us, who grope still here,
May our dark souls in knowledge grow,
Till our Day Star appear.

4.

The sun was made by day,
The moon to rule by night,
Her gentle and retiring ray,
His own reflected Light:
So mid surrounding gloom,
Thou Sun of Righteousness,
Shine on Thy Bride and let Her bloom,
Thy brightness still confess.

5.

Here be the Husband's care,
In Godly power to shine;
The Wife's his Glorious light to share,
Both filled with Grace divine.
Both Heirs of Life and Love,
Their Joys in Christ alone,
Both "members of His flesh" above
"His Body and His Bone."

Visitation of the Sick.

PART I.

1.

That man alone is blest,
Who trusteth in the Lord,
In Him there dwelleth Joy and Rest,
'Bove all that worlds afford.

2.

The Peace that fills a saint,
What sinner can conceive?
On Jesus gaze all ye who faint,
On Him your burdens leave.

3.

He bore the sins of all,
He liveth now to plead,
Still ready at a sinner's call,
A very present aid.

4.

This world's refining fire,
God's gracious hands direct,
He scourgeth not His sons in ire,
Such stripes hath mercy check'd.

5.

But He who sits above,
Remembers we are dust,
And in a Father's chastening Love,
The stricken child may trust.

6.

Christs' righteous eyes behold
The Evil and the Good,
He purifies our souls as Gold,
That we may see our God.

7.

He gives us Strength and Grace,
To pierce the clouds of night,
The prince of darkness' power to face,
As children of the Light.

8.

How long oh! Lord delay,
To come unto Thine own?
How long shall the usurper sway,
From Thy deserted Throne?

PART II.

1.

Humbled Sinner, thou who waitest
On the Lord with eyesight dim,
Thou who now but darkness meetest,
Whose transgressions reach the brim,—
Thou, the greatest
Rapture shall enjoy with Him.

2.

Pray, and by the Holy Spirit,
Kill each carnal thought and deed;
Pray, and by the Saviour's merit,
Thou to Glory must succeed,
Yea inherit
Joys to righteousness decreed.

3.

Persevere—the night is clearing,
Persevere—and thou shalt see;
Why are Sins thy conscience searing?
Cast them off, to Jesus flee.
Lo He's wearing
Smiles of welcome e'en for thee.

4.

Lo! the Holy Ghost is bringing
Peace to all who weep and wail,
And the Faith to which they're clinging,
As Widow's cruise shall never fail,
Till with singing,
Jesus' coming they shall hail.

Burial of Dead.

1.

And is Death to Sinners better,
Than the morning of their birth?
What is then that galling fetter,
Chaining struggling souls to Earth?
When to Jesus we would fly,
And to all around us die,
Can the flesh our hope belie?

2.

Over our rebellious spirit,
Jesus grant us sovereign power,
May we trust Thy Holy merit,*
For our resurrection hour.
Let us in our own conceit,
Ne'er be wise, but as is meet,
Fling our works beneath Thy Feet.†

* Acts ii. 27. † Titus iii. 5.

3.

All our works—but let us ponder,
All our works—but what are they?
Not one righteous, high Heaven under,
That can stand the test of day;
And of Saints now round the Throne,
When below, ne'er spent there one,
All his hours in God alone!

4.

What are works then? what is duty?
Sin of greatest magnitude;
They who glory in its beauty,
Must despise the Saviour's blood.
Yet if works proceed from love,
Fruits in Jesus if they prove,
Oh what Joy resounds above!

5.

Oh what Joy there is in Heaven,
When to Christ a Sinner turns,
Oh what Joy to man is given,
When first Hope within him burns.
Oh what unconceived reward,
Is on high for those prepared,
Who with Christ rebuke have shared.

6.

For the Christian made a winner,
Clothed in Jesus is more pure,
Than was Adam, when no sinner
He the Maker's image bore:
And to us with rapture rife,
Freed from this fatiguing strife
Death is Glory, Death is Life.*

* John xi. 25, 26.

The Churching of Women.

1.

The Lord alone can raise us,
From this our fleshy mansion,
Tis but the Lord,
Can give His word
Within our heart expansion.
Tis from the lowly Jesus,
Our pitcher light receiveth,*
With Gideon's hope,
'Gainst sin we'll cope,
For our Redeemer liveth.

2.

And now on high exalted,
His ear to us inclineth,
We move to God
For on our road
The Holy Spirit shineth.

* Judges vii. 16 to 21.

We move where once we halted,
Where Satan's still deceiving,
The snares of Death
That crowd the path
Are passed by our believing.

3.

But misery shall take them,
And Jesus mock their terror,
Who see the cup
Of Life held up,
Yet choose the bowl of Error.
Yea Jesus will forsake them
Who find delight in evil,
The time is nigh,
When they shall cry,
In bitter hopeless travail.

4.

Then we, in whom the Spirit,
Finds entrance, we who seize on
That Hand, held forth
To all the Earth,
Shall triumph, and with reason.
Lord trusting in Thy merit,
For strength we still implore Thee,
Oh what is life
Its pains and strife
Compared to promised Glory! *

5.

Thou didst our souls deliver
When clouds of darkness bound us;
When on Thy name
We called, Thy flame
Of Love burst quickly round us.

* John xvi. 21, 22.

For ever, oh! for ever
Thy praises be before us,
Until the day,
When called away,
We join th' Angelic Chorus.

Ordination.

1.

Stir up we pray Thee Lord
Thy faithful people's will,
Teach them the wonders of Thy word,
Them let Thy Spirit fill.

2.

That they are born anew
Lord Jesus let them feel,
Thy Glory and Thy path pursue,
With never ending zeal.

3.

Lord, save them from the blight,
Of sin's delusive breath,
For there's a way that seemeth right,
But leadeth on to Death.

4.

Lord save them lest they sink,
Lest they as blind as weak,
In empty cisterns grope for drink,
In forms, Salvation seek.*

5.

And those in Pride who keep
Each ordinance of God,
But heavier condemnation heap,
By adding works to blood.†

* Isaiah i. 11 to 18. † Ecclesiastes vii. 15.

6.

Before the Glorious Cross,
All righteousness must fall,
Gaze there ye just, and spurn your dross,
Tis Sinners Christ doth call.

7.

The duties which they love,
Their fasts, their holy days,
With just abhorrence Jesus move,
Who will have all the praise.

8.

Their prayers He far will fling,
How vain their worldly strife!
Unless they drink alone that spring
Of knowledge, Christ our life.

9.

Lord from Thy saints ne'er turn,
Thy chosen ne'er forget;
Yet still for Thee their bosoms burn,
Tho' oft with sin beset.

10.

With Thee we'd fain appear,
Then wash our sin-soiled feet,
Still wipe away the mire which here,
While in the flesh we meet.

11.

Still give us grace to teach,
What Thou to us hast shown,
And while we practice what we preach,
May others Jesus own.

12.

That men may learn Thy word,
Lord open wide our mouth,
Make us Thy chosen vessels Lord,
To shed the Light of truth.

"When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven with His mighty Angels.—2 Thessalonians, i. 7.

1.

The Lord will judge the world,
With thousands He will come,
His foes to Hell be hurled,
His chosen take their room,
What can we sinners do?
E'en cry with one accord,
"I will not let Thee go,
Except Thou bless me, Lord."

2.

And if we but beseech,
The Lord will touch our heart,
His truth in mercy teach,
His strength to us impart,
Till Satan's rivets break,
And we from prison free,
All worldly thoughts forsake,
To walk Lord God with Thee.

3.

Th' accuser shall consume,
Who doth Thy servants blame,
For they will overcome,
By merit of the Lamb.
E'en now what us defiled,
Far from us may we fling,
And humble as a child,
In triumph may we sing.

4.

As strangers on the Earth,
As pilgrims on the road,
Relying on the worth,
And finished work of God.
His children we became,
He listened to our prayers,
And pluck'd us from the flame
Of Egypt, to be Heirs.

5.

From sin's delusive power,
To hope's convincing charms,
From Satan's fiery shower,
To Jesu's longing arms.
The Lord hath turned our heart,
The Lord hath bought our soul,
His Love doth Joy impart,
His Truth our deeds control.

"That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow."—Philippians, ii. 10.

PART I.

1.

The Lord He is the God,
The Lord He reigns alone,
The Lord whose footsteps upon Sion trod,
Will there soon plant His Throne.

2.

The Lord He is the God,
The Lord, none else beside,
He took on Him our sins, He bore their load,
He for all nations died.

3.

Exalted now above,
The Faithful Witness stands,
Our Priest there pleading in deep strains of Love,
'Mid wondering Angel bands.

4.

Oh for a clearer faith!
A closer walk with Him,
A childlike confidence, a thankful breath,
A Joy no power can dim.

5.

Oh for a nearer view,
More knowledge of His way,
A working for the Lord in all we do,
In all we think and say!

6.

Then would the Holy Ghost
In power on us descend,
Then would the church in one united Host,
A loud thanksgiving blend.

PART II.

1.

How wonderful that men
For objects of their Love,
Unwearied toil; while Heaven itself to gain
Christs' Church will coldly move.

2.

Mourn for her deadened state,
Her lukewarm movements mourn,
Still sleeping, from her first love fall'n;—yet wait,
From all impatience turn;

3.

Know Christian, in Thy zeal,
God will be glorified.
Seven thousand yet may at His Altar kneel,
A Host in Him abide.

4.

Go on thy way, return
And do thy Lord's behest.
His word, His judgment, and His ways still learn,
Oh still His love attest.

5.

Recal the new command,
Let Love like His have sway,
Created only for this Glory stand,
And round Thee light display.

6.

While here 'mid sin and woe,
Keep on the narrow road;
Renewed, transformed, with Christ alone in view,
And leave results to God.

For Christian Unity.

1.

Jesus, Saviour of Mankind,
Healer of the halt and blind,
Joy of every humble mind;
To Thy Brethren bend Thine ear,
Quell each rebel doubt and fear,
Which in Thy vexèd Church appear.

2.

Jesus, Saviour of the Earth,
Let us dwell upon Thy worth,
To our every thought give birth;
Every wish we harbour still,
Every pleasure, act, and will,
Let the Holy Spirit fill.

3.

Jesus, Saviour of the world,
Be Thy Banner broad unfurled,
By no wind of Doctrine curled;
Of one mind let Christians be,
E'en as they are one with Thee,
Clothe them Lord with Charity.

4.

Jesus, cleansed in Thy dear Blood,
Let that garment as a Hood,
Cover sin's thick multitude.
Send the Spirit largely down,
Ne'er upon Thy chosen frown,
But their Hope with Glory crown.

5.

Jesus, heal Thy suffering Band,
Let its Members understand
What Thy Father doth command;
And to Him Lord, quickly guide
Thy betrothed and faithful Bride,
Here let nought her Love divide.

6.

Jesus, Author of all good,
Be Thy Word our present food,
May our feet with it be shod;
So we'll glory in Thy blood,
So we'll turn Temptation's flood,
So like Enock walk with God.

Alphabetical.

הַלְלוּ יָהּ

1.

Praise the Lord, our Saviour God,
rich in Glory, Grace, and Might;
all ye who have been washed in Blood,
in Songs of joy unite.
Salvation is the Theme that Angels raise,
eternal Glory, everlasting **Praise.**

2.

The LORD hath taught us from the world to flee,
his Grace anoints our blinded eyes—they see!
e'en here Lord, man with Angels joined, **Praise Thee.**

3.

Lord, here we glory in Thy guiding light;
on Faith rest firm, until we walk by Sight,
receive from Thee the manna of the word,
dwell on Thy Promise still, oh! **Praise the Lord.**

In Two Stanzas.

1.

Angelic Choirs and Powers above,
Burst forth in one loud Strain of Love!
Christ's Blood poured out for sinners is the theme,
Divine Forbearance and Goodwill supreme.
Endowed with Sight is all the Host of Heaven,
Faith to the suffering Church is given.
Glorious the Mystery of our Lord! He is
Himself the Author here and Finisher of Bliss,
In Him a People to His name relies;
JEHOVAH! of Thy best they'll soon partake,
Keeper of Israel! slumber not, arise,
Look down, and help them for Thy mercy's sake.

2.

More firmly binding on their Rock,
Now let each Member of Thy Flock,
On Thee Transgression, Doubt, and Sorrow, leave,
Priceless Salvation at Thy Hand receive;

Quench every Doctrine that exalts Thee not,
Restore what Satan here would blot;
Strengthen Thy Saints against the flesh to fight,
To crush all rebel fear, and triumph in Thy might.
Undaunted, tho' temptations here abound,
We'll walk in safety, for our Souls are Thine,
Yea, we are Thy beloved, and shall be found
Zoned in Thy Righteousness and Power divine.

In Three Stanzas.

1.

And are we redeemed by blood,
Bought with such a price from death,
Converted into sons of God,
Divinely freed from wrath?
Eternal glory to the Son
For all His wisdom here hath done;
Great, great the mystery, love alone,
His love for us salvation won!

2.

In a Saviour's passing worth
Joyful move the saints to Heaven;
Kneel sinner, for to all on earth
Life freely now is given.
Mistrust not God, He'll grant thee light,
No fears, no doubts, His Church affright,
Oh who the depth can tell, or height
Proclaim, of Christ's redeeming might?

3.

Quick Lord come to those Thou'st bought,
Raise them all from fear of sin,
Seek well, till of *that* leaven nought
Thou find'st their heart within.
Unsearchable are all Thy ways,
We yet by faith upon Thee gaze,
Yet will Thy grace within us raise
Zeal, worthily to chaunt Thy praise.

In Four Stanzas.

1.

Accept the Church's prayer, oh Lord,
Behold and heal its wounded state,
Confirm Thy saints in one accord,
Disjoined, alas! thro' Satan's hate,
Endue them with humility and grace,
From them in anger turn not, Lord, Thy face.

2.

Grant us and all who trust in Thee
Henceforth to understand Thy mind,
Instruct us wholly to agree,
[Joint heirs with Christ can we be blind?]
Knit close our souls with Him on whom we lean,
Lighten our darkness with Thy Spirit's sheen.

3.

Maintain Thy cause, oh Lord, our God,
Ne'er let Thy chosen turn astray;
Oh make us rise, and on to good
Provoke each other day by day.
Quicken our spirits new desires to prove,
Renew them in the perfect walk of love.

4.

Send us more strength, more faith, to move
Thro' grief as fearless as thro' joy,
United in that band of love,
Which death and hell can ne'er destroy.
Yoked in one Spirit, with our Maker one,
Zeal for His Glory, our delight alone.

In Five Stanzas.

1.

All nations gaze on your Incarnate God,
Behold your Passover the spotless Lamb,
Conceived in holiness, yet born to shame,
Doomed to the Cross to sprinkle you with blood,
E'en you who have so long the Spirit's call withstood.

2.

For you He died, and rose to endless day,
Gives you His blood and body here to eat,
His Spirit for the feast to make you meet,
If for His sake your souls will watch and pray;
Jews, Gentiles, all are called, all one who Christ obey.

3.

Knowledge of Him and of your Maker's mind,
Learn from the virtues which from Jesus beamed:
Mute when derided, patient when blasphemed,
No curse, no murmur on his lip we find,
On God alone He gazed, to God's blest will resigned.

4.

Perfect in suffering, overwhelmed with woe,
Questioned by Priests in Satan's pride arrayed,
Rejected, buffeted, denied, betrayed,
Shunned by His Father, and for us brought low,
Trust in that God and prayer still bore the Saviour through.

5.

Unfriended [for o'er foes and followers both
Vice reigned] and e'en His false accusers told
"What further need of witnesses? Behold,
Ye 've heard the blasphemy from His own mouth;"
Zeal clothed our Lord, and glory now rewards His truth.

In Six Stanzas.

1.

Author of our Faith, and Rock,
Blessed Lord, triumphant Jesus,
Come, and from dispute release us,
Deign to view Thy scattered Flock.

2.

Ever hear and with Thy might,
Finisher of our Salvation,
Guard Thy chosen thro' temptation,
Heal, and let them all unite.

3.

In Thy Church from great and small,
Jesus, purge away the leaven,
Keep Thy Saints, as those in Heaven,
Lord support them or they fall.

4.

Make them more Thy Spirit share,
Nothing 'scape their full confession,
Oh let no beloved transgression
Prove a stumbling block to prayer.

5.

Quell each wandering thought, which still
Riseth in the flesh, and creeping
Serpent-like, while men are sleeping,
Twineth round the Spirits' will.

6.

Vain desires, Lord pardon now,
Worship cold, and carnal feeling;
Yea Lord, thro' the darkness stealing,
Zarah* of our Souls be Thou!

Zarah:—in Hebrew,—East, Brightness.

In Seven Stanzas.

1.

All God's soldiers men of Grace,
Belted with the Spirit's sword,
Clad in Jesu's righteousness,
Dead to Earth, attend your Lord.

2.

Every hour ye linger here,
Fight and trouble must be known,
Give, oh give no place to fear,
Have ye nought to cheer you on?

3.

Is your faith too weak to see,
Jesus still at your right hand?
Know ye not in battle, He
Leads Himself the warrior band?

4.

Move then forward, still advance,
None can sink but those who doubt,
On your Leader fix your glance,
Patience yet and ye shall shout.

5.

Quicker still temptation's darts,
Rain on those who trust the Lord,
Saw ye not their loyal hearts,
Taught to wield the Spirit's sword?

6.

Under Satan's fiery shower,
Veiled in Armour bright they go,
Who bestows this wondrous power?
Christ who'll give the same to you.

7.

Ye who would behold His might,
Yield your utmost strength, can ye
Zoned by Him and armed for fight,
Zeal now lack for Victory?

In Eight Stanzas.

1.

All praise to the Lord!
Be Jesus adored,
Copartner with us in the Joy of the word.

2.

Delightful our road,
Eternal our food,
For Christ is our Covenant Brother in God.

3.

Grace lightens the Earth,
His virtue, His worth,
Is reckoned to Sinners, in Him have they birth.

4.

JEHOVAH once spake,
Kings, nations, awake,
"Lo all things are ready, My supper partake."

5.

Man's nature was cleared,*
None righteous appeared,
On the Earth, no not one, the entreaty revered.

6.

Peace, tho' we withstood,
Quite pardoned thro' blood,
Rich mercy compelled us to turn to our God.

7.

Smooth now is the way,
That all made of clay,
Undaunted may follow:—and will you delay?

8.

What now can detain?
Your road is made plain,
Zoned still in Christ's virtue His remnant remain.

* Psalm, li. 4.

In Nine Stanzas.

1.

Angels tuning high their strings,
Bow in worship round the Throne,
Crowning Jesus King of kings.

2.

Demons shall His Justice own,
Every eye above, beneath,
Far or near shall see the Son.

3.

God was subjected to wrath,
Heaven-deserted, spurned of Earth,
In the grave He vanquished death.

4.

Jesus died to give us birth,
Jesus rose our peace to make;
Knowledge grant us of Thy worth.

5.

Let our souls oh Lord awake,
May they thro' Thy wondrous Love,
Now e'en here Thy Joy partake.

6.

Oh may we the Spirit prove,
Pressing on the goal, attain,
Quiet Lord each wish to rove.

7.

Resting on Thy breast, we gain
Strength to triumph, faith to win;
Truth and Grace to join the strain.

8.

Urge us e'en from thought of sin,
Vain all strivings of our own,
Without faith our hearts within.

9.

Christ, when Thou dost mount Thy Throne,
Yielding fruit may we be found,
Zealous in Thy cause alone.

In Ten Stanzas.

1.

Awake, awake, my drowsy soul,
Burst forth at once from sleep's controul,
Christ claims thy thoughts and claims the whole.

2.

Deem not that He whose work thou art,
Endowed with reason mind and heart,
E'er can be satisfied with part.

3.

First in the morn, and last at night,
God be my theme, His strength His might,
His Grace and Love my sole delight.

4.

In Christ be buried all my schemes,
In Jesus sunk be all my dreams,
JEHOVAH shows me living streams.

5.

Keep Lord my heart, still be my choice,
Let me, while Angel bands rejoice,
Make melody with thankful voice.

6.

Nought, nought but Christ,—tho' man will try,—
Our longing hearts can satisfy;
On Him my soul, oh still rely.

7.

Prove me oh God, my Rock, my Stay,
Quench every wish that points astray,
Renew my spirit day by day.

8.

Search me and draw me on by Love;
Surely our Peace our Joys improve,
The nearer we to Jesus move.

9.

United branches in our Vine,
Verdant and beauteous we may shine,
While nought can blight the fruit divine.

10.

Christ, thro' Thine essence thus we grow,
Yea one with Thee our souls below,
Zoned in Thy Grace with Joy may glow.

In Eleven Stanzas.

1.

Ah Lord would men their hearts but weigh,
And measure all they do and say,
Behold each wish that's harboured there,
Count every hope and scan each care.

2.

Dreadful the reckoning, dire the roll,
Despair would seize the Godless soul,
Elect, but erring Saints would cry,
Exalt our love, or Lord we die.

3.

False tho' the balance men set up,
Faith is the substance of our Hope,
God's standard measure tho' they slight,
Grace takes the scales from off our sight.

4.

He is a God of knowledge, praise,
His name who every action weighs,
In nought confide but in His words,
Just weight and balance are the Lord's.

5.

Know ye, who prudent in your eyes,
Keep upright walks and Saints despise,
Low tho' they be whom ye condemn,
Life's theirs, and ye'll be judged by them.

6.

Man would compare what he has done,
Mete by another's deed his own;
None such are wise their measure fails,
Nay they are wanting in the scales.

7.

On Jesus we our eyes maintain,
Press forward till His height we gain,
Perfect thro' Him, we yet shall prove,
Quickened by His abiding Love.

8.

Raise sinner, raise your voice on high,
Remember Who for you did die,
Search till you find the narrow road,
Secure, for there your Saviour trod.

9.

True Shekel of the Sanctuary!
Thou art my God, we come to Thee,
Unworthy of the smallest Grace,
Upon Thy word our trust we place.

10.

Vile sinners, yea the very worst,
When they for Thy Salvation thirst,
With living drink are filled, to prove
Christ's everlasting boundless love.

11.

Ye Saints adore Him, incense bring,
Yield all your strength His praise to sing,
Zest all your acts with Holy Zeal,
Zeal such as Christ Himself might feel.

In Twelve Stanzas.

1.

Arise my soul, and sing unto the Lord,
Be all your pleasure centred in His word.

2.

Call late, call early, seek Him still, His soul
Drank up the dregs of wrath to make thee whole.

3.

Each hour what healing balm do His Elect,
Find for the wounds which here they must expect!

4.

Great is the solace which the Lord our God,
Holds forth to all who urge their heaven-ward road.

5.

Instruct us Lord in knowledge to increase,
Keep Lord our lips, and grant us of Thy Peace.

6.

Let us undaunted at the snares of Hell,
Move onward to the goal where we shall dwell.

7.

No vain misgivings seize us in the race,
Our load of sin is borne away by Grace.

8.

Placed over all God made, we shall be crowned,
Quick pass each hindrance, which would hem us round

9.

Restored unto His favor, here below
Surrounded by the mocking world we go.

10.

Taught by the Spirit, we all scoffs disdain,
United to our God, His strength we gain.

11.

Who lacketh wisdom, let him ask and live,
Christ waits to hear, Christ reigneth but to give.

12.

Yield Him your members which were slaves to sin,
Zoned with Truth's girdle you are sure to win.

In Thirteen Stanzas.

1.

Are we for whom the Saviour died,
And conquered Death.
Believers, free from worldly pride,
Begirt with Faith?

2.

Can we our Nature thus forsake,
Conceived in sin?
Does Christ indeed our spirit make
Divine within?

3.

Endue us Lord with Righteousness,
Enrich our Soul,
For we are poor and powerless,
From Sin's controul.

4.

God of our life on us look down,
Give, give Thy Grace,
Have patience, turn away Thy frown,
Hide not Thy face.

5.

In vain we struggle to be free,
If Thou be far,
JEHOVAH, but shine forth and we
Judged righteous are.

6.

Known are Thy works: Thy blood was spilt,
King, Prophet, Priest,
Light filled Thy chosen ones, their guilt,
Long wept for, ceased.

7.

Man rose from death, and Satan's power
Mysterious fell;
No longer bound by Hell, no more
'Neath chains we dwell.

8.

On Jesus, all who feel their sin
Opprest with shame,
Place confidence, and washed and clean,
Prove free from blame.

9.

Quench not the Spirit then, oh quick,
Quick sinner come,
Rejoice for ye may see the weak
Returning home.

10.

Such are the wonders of Christ's Love,
So vast His Grace,
That He has gone for you above,
To form a place.

11.

Unrolled is now redemption's scheme,
Unveiled it stands,
Vanquished by sin once, now we seem
Victorious bands.

12.

While they who for His Glory thirst,
With Him stand fast,
Christ is of all things made the First,
Christ is the Last.

13.

Yea all the wondrous work is His,
Ye saints give praise,
Zoned with His truth and Heirs of Bliss,
Zeal for Him raise.

In Twenty-six Stanzas.

A.

Arise my soul and strike the string,
Awake the sacred lay,
And like the Psalmist, Jesus sing,
And praise Him day by day.

B.

Before yon starry Heaven did beam,
Before this wondrous globe,
Before our souls were formed for them,
Behold His bosom throb.

C.

Conceived in sin and born in woe,
Can man his Maker face?
Christ's love in its heart-cleansing flow,
Convinces us of grace.

D.

Deceived by Satan and in thrall,
Dead both in will and deed,
Doubt seized us, but our souls from all,
Divine direction freed.

E.

Each day, each hour, new mercies boast,
Endued with light we see,
Encouraged by the Holy Ghost,
Enriched Lord Christ by Thee.

F.

Faith tells us that our sins are far,
Far as the poles cast off,
Forbear Christ's finished work to mar,
Forbear ye fools to scoff.

G.

Great were the sufferings, great the shame,
God bore for us, oh sing!
Greet Jesus in His glorious name,
God, Prophet, Priest, and King.

H.

How wonderful! our sins are His,
He's still to sinners nigh,
His virtue our possession is,
Hope fails not from on high.

I.

In Him alone we live and move,
In Him life's pleasures lie,
Immutable inspiring love
Instructs us how to die.

J.

Joint heirs with Jesus, one with God,
Joined by the Lord of law;
Judged worthy thro' His precious blood,
Just in the name of Jah.

K.

Kingdoms and Powers and Hosts in Heaven,
Kneel, praising Thee our Rock,
Kindle to flame the Light here given,
Keep Lord our hearts, and knock.

L.

Lord knock with power to open wide,
Let strength within us dwell,
Lift up our hearts from works of pride,
Learn them with Love to swell.

M.

May Love alone, convincing Love,
Mould every thought and dream,
More fruit produce in us, and prove
Mankind with brighter beam.

N.

No virtue dwelt our souls within,
Nought righteous have we done,
New born in God and dead to sin,
Now Jesus leads us on.

O.

Oh grieve Him not with works which must,
Obscure the Spirit's glow,
On Him who formed it, shall the dust
Obtrude to will and do?

P.

Praise Him whose prayers alone prevail,
Prepare His law to keep,
Preach ye the Joys that cannot fail,
Pour balm on those who weep.

Q.

Quick sinner give the Spirit scope,
Quench not Its glorious Light,
Quell every qualm thro' fervent Hope,
Quake not, God pardons quite.

R.

Remember they who trust in Him,
Rest sure for evermore,
Rich Joys, tho' here woes fill the brim,
Remain for all the poor.

S.

Shepherd of Israel slumber not,
Shine Sun of Righteousness,
Strike the hearts disk, and man's dark blot
Sink, in Light's perfect rays!

T.

To Thee from gloom we Gentiles wake,
Translated to Thy Light,
Turn Jacob's blinded seed, Lord take
The scales from off their sight.

U.

Urge them to pray for treasures hid,
Unheard they cannot sue,
Unfold Thyself as Joseph did,
Unerring, kind, and true.

V.

Vain triumphed Sin! in famine fierce,
View Lord Thy Brethren strive,*
Vast Joy! they'll know whom they did pierce,
Vouching *they* too shall live.

W.

Wondrous are all Thy works oh Lord!
We chose Thee not, but Thou,
With mercy called us thro' the word,
We're Thine by solemn vow.

* See the Type of Christ in Joseph, Genesis xlv.—Compare Revelations, i. 7.

X.

Christ rule us, for Thou art our God,
Christ pray, Thou art our Priest,
Christ be our Stay, and be our Road,
Christ still, and only Christ.

Y.

Yoked Lord with Thee Thy chosen walk,
Yet, yet with Joy they'll cry,
Yea all shall of Thy wonders talk,
Yea all on Thee rely.

Z.

Zenith of all mankind's desire,
Zoned in Thy peoples' praise,
Zest still our songs with hidden fire,
Zeal grant to keep the blaze.

הַלְלוּ יָהּ

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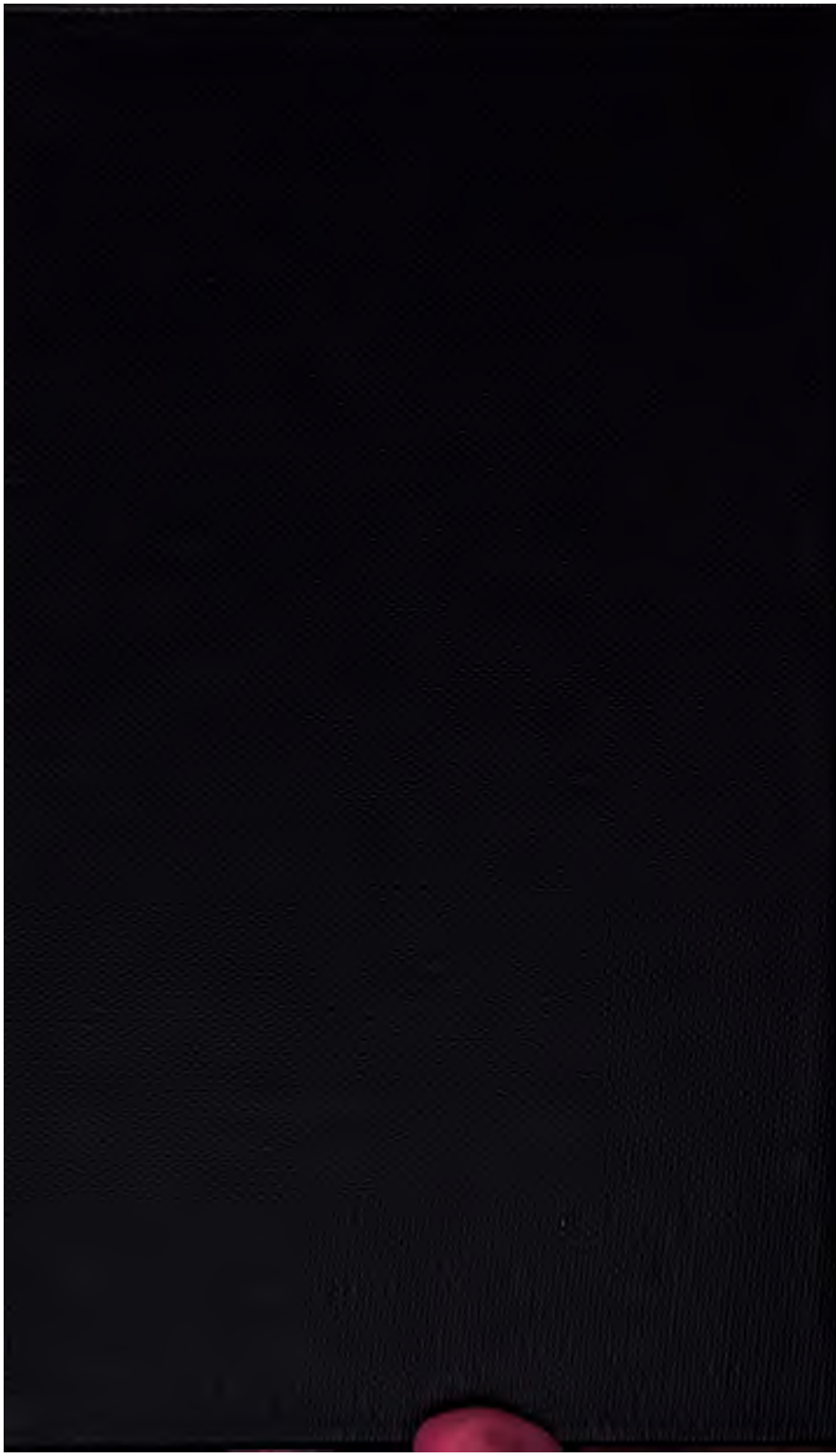
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